VOL. XII. (No. 3) JANUARY, 1915 No. 47

AUM

THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY

HOLBROOK LIBRARY
PACIFIC SCHOOL
OF RELIGION

PUBLISHED BY
THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY
NEW YORK, U.S.A.

The Theosophical Quarterly

Published by The Theosophical Society at
159 Warren Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

In Europe single numbers may be obtained from and subscriptions sent to
Dr. Archibald Keightley, 46 Brook Street, London, W., England.

Price for non-members, $1.00 per annum; single copies, 25 cents.

CONTENTS OF VOL. XII., No. 3.

	PAGE
NOTES AND COMMENTS	193
FRAGMENTS	202
ANCIENT COMMENTARY	203
THE POETRY OF CHARLES PÉGUY	204
LETTERS TO FRIENDS XII	214
SOME ASPECTS OF THE KINGDOM	220
WAR SEEN FROM WITHIN	229
DOES CONSCIOUSNESS EVOLVE	233
NORSE MYTHOLOGY II	241
THE TWIN DOCTRINES AND SOCIAL UNREST	249
WHY I JOINED THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY	258
ON THE SCREEN OF TIME	266
A RULE OF LIFE	275
REVIEWS	280
Ancient Rome and Modern America; Pastorial Letter of the House of Bishops, 1913; The Praise of Glory; The Unknown God; Contemplations.	
QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS	283
What is Mercy? How Can a Merciful God Allow War? Is the Universe a Mechanism?	

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

The principal aim and object of this Society is to form the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or color. The subsidiary objects are: The study of ancient and modern religions, philosophies and sciences, and the demonstration of the importance of such study; and the investigation of the unexplained laws of nature and the psychical powers latent in man.

Entered July 17, 1903, at Brooklyn, N. Y., as second-class matter, under Act of Congress of July 16, 1894.

Copyright, 1914, by The Theosophical Society.

JANUARY, 1915

The Theosophical Society, as such, is not responsible for any opinion or declaration in this magazine, by whomsoever expressed, unless contained in an official document.

The Indian Religions and Christianity

"MY quarrel with the Indian teaching," said a friend, the other day, to the writer of these Notes and Comments, "is, that it does not press home the sense of personal responsibility. I love the Upanishads and have long studied them; yet I believe it is possible for a man to read them, admire them, accept their great thoughts, and still remain without the keen sense of sin. And what will that mean? Will it not mean that, while reading and speaking of spiritual progress, he will fail to take the very first step towards that progress; while dreaming of high ideals and glorious horizons, he will fall short of the first positive act needed for the realization of these ideals, and the glorious horizons will remain as unreachable for him as rainbow gold?"

Here is something to brood and ponder over. To begin with, what might a sympathetic defender of the Indian teaching say in reply? Something, perhaps, like this: "While you have not spoken of Christianity, it is evidently in your mind, as the basis of a comparison between the religions of East and West. But, while I see great and appealing beauties in Christianity, I always find in my mind certain objections, certain questions, rather; and it will be best for me to put them forward quite frankly, for consideration. In this way, we may, perhaps, clear up some of our difficulties; or at least get a better view of some of the distressing facts that press on our notice, the moment we speak of religious problems. Therefore I shall come to the point at once.

"I will not say my quarrel, but my difficulty with the Christian teaching is this: That it seems to live, in our day at least, in small, water-tight compartments; that you find intense centers of religious

life, genuine and full of convincing power. But—and it is a very vital matter—they seem isolated, cut off from the general life about them; from the intellectual life about them, especially. At the risk of being indiscreet, I shall venture on concrete illustrations. Take such a writer as Pusey, with his keen, penetrating spiritual sense; or take, perhaps better, such a book as Faber's *Growth in Holiness*. It is impossible to read either, without seeing and feeling that they are speaking of genuine experience; nay, more, of a genuine, methodical science of spiritual life, based, as any science must be, on experiment, on verified and verifiable truth. But it is so much a thing of water-tight compartments, that this science seems to have almost no touch with the other sciences. They regard each other with suspicion and dislike, perhaps even with contempt.

"And the specifically Christian teaching seems to me not only out of touch with the science and philosophy of our day; it seems to me also out of touch with the general conduct of affairs, the larger concerns of the Western nations. It is, of course, known to everyone that the United States recognizes no special relation between itself and Christianity. Its Constitution is just about as much Confucian as it is Christian. But we need not go to the New World for illustrations. Take the Government of France and the Government of England. Take President Poincaré's recent address to the troops on the fighting line. He expresses magnificent ideals in splendid eloquence; he uses terms that we consider characteristically Theosophical, as when he speaks of the 'collective soul of France;' but, from beginning to end, he says no word of Christianity, utters no syllable that would lead, let us say, an intelligent Japanese, to recognize any relation between his ideals and the teachings of Galilee.

"Or take the position of the English Government. There, the case is even stronger. For King George is, in accordance with the terms of the Act of Supremacy, the head of the Church of England; the official head of English Christianity; and King George's government is closely, and at many points, identified with the life of the Church. The bishops of the Church of England, sitting in the House of Lords, voted on the war budget; the Prime Minister who defended the war, who, in a certain sense, is responsible for England's participation in the war, is also charged, as the king's representative, with the duty of appointing the bishops and archbishops of the national Church. Yet, in the declaration of the government, or, perhaps it would be juster to say, in the personal expressions of its members, it is not at once evident that they believe themselves acting in defence of the ideals of Christ. If there be a close, an immediate connection, between England's part in the war and the ideals

of the Gospels, then that connection is somewhat carefully hidden; or, at least, it does not 'leap to the eyes,' as the French would say.

"Again, take such a personality as General Joffre, the French Commander in Chief. In reading of his life and character, it is impossible not to see in him the realization of a high ideal of self-sacrifice and self-conquest; he has 'given his life as a ransom for many,' in a very real sense. Yet, and it is a tragical thing, in a way, to have to say it, there does not stand out, in his acts or words, any clear recognition of him who first used that phrase to describe his own sacrifice. It may be that General Joffre is an intensely religious man, in the narrower, the ecclesiastical sense of the word. But one coming from China or India would look in vain for the evidence of it in his soul-stirring addresses to the army. It seems, on the contrary, to be the tragical truth, that General Joffre finds himself holding and upholding high spiritual ideals, and at the same time has no defined spiritual belief or hope; or, perhaps, holds certain abstract and speculative views, which, even in his intimate meditations, he does not connect with Christianity.

"Therefore, against your criticism of the Indian teaching—that it does not give the sense of personal responsibility, the conviction of sin, I venture to put forward this criticism of Christianity: That it does, in a singular degree, give both the sense of responsibility, and the realization of sin; or, to speak more truly, it gives, first, the realization of sin, in a keen and fiery intensity, and, through this very sense of sin, develops the sense of personal responsibility; yet it does this only within a narrow circle of devotees; and these seem, in proportion to the intensity of their religious experience, to be withdrawn from the general life of their time, whether the life of thought or the life of action. So that we have the tragical spectacle of a whole period of scientific and philosophical thought developed within the limits of Christendom, and yet, if not antichristian, at least non-Christian, in the sense that Darwinism is non-Christian, or that President Poincaré's address to the troops of France is non-Christian. So here, if you wish, is my quarrel with Christianity."

Here, perhaps, in these two views, we have matter of consideration for our Notes and Comments. The first thing which strikes one is the fact that these two criticisms do not conflict with or oppose each other. Both may be perfectly true. They may indicate real and genuine limitations in the Indian teaching and in Christianity; or, shall we say, in their presentation; in the way in which they are accepted and handed down from one generation to the next. Let us try to see what the two criticisms come to; and then, perhaps, we may find time to see whether there is any connection between

them; whether they indicate supplementary defects, or, perhaps, supplementary qualities and virtues. And, since the Indian teaching was first mentioned, let us begin with it.

The critic of the Indian teaching whom we have cited mentions the Upanishads; mentions them with love and admiration, as among the greatest spiritual documents of the world. And, when we think of the Upanishads, we think, almost of necessity, of the remote golden age, of a time long before Buddha's days; long, even, before the days of the Great War, when the children of Pandu and Kuru were drawn up on the holy field of Kurukshetra. And, thinking thus, we are thereby compelled to think of the great degradation that came upon India, in the wake of that war; so that India's chronologies date from its inception the coming of Kali Yuga, the Iron Age; or, more literally, the Age of Darkness, the Age of the Devil. For Kali, in Indian mythology, is a Devil, and a treacherous one.

Then, perhaps, historical sequence compels us to think of Prince Siddhartha the Compassionate, known as Gautama Buddha, and of his passionate cry: "May the sins of Kali Yuga rest on me, but let man be saved!" The sins of Kali Yuga, the sins of the Devil's Age. And then, if we have studied the religions of other lands, we may think of Egypt; of her splendid archaic religion, so essentially at one with the religion of the Upanishads; and then of the milleniums of degradation and darkness, sin heaped upon sin, which finally brought national ruin and extinction upon the land of the Pharaohs.

Here, too, in venerable Egypt, came the Age of Darkness, the Devil's Age. Here, as in India:—and our point is this, that the great Upanishads, just because they antedate that fall into darkness, just because they belong to the remote golden age, are for that very reason not deeply concerned with the sense of sin, but allow the heart to rise joyfully, in pure spiritual ecstasy, from one radiant realm to another; making the burden of their teaching not the "exceeding sinfulness of sin," but rather the exceeding splendour of the soul, the Unborn, the Ancient, whose essential being is Joy. This, perhaps, if not a reply to the criticism with which these Notes and Comments open, is an explanation of the absence, in these oldest Indian teachings, of the keen sense of sin, the piercing realization of our own sinfulness, which is, in a certain sense, the starting point of the Christian teaching. "If I had not come, ye had not had sin; but now ye have no cloak for your sin. . . . When the Comforter is come, he will reprove the world of sin. . . . "

Let us try to trace the further history of the archaic Indian teachings, in search of the answer to our enigma. In their oldest form, they were not, as they themselves declare, the spiritual possession of the Brahmans, the hereditary caste of priests and students who, for long milleniums, dominated the religious life of India. The Brahmans received them from other hands, from another race, who were, it seems probable, kin of the older spiritual races of Egypt.

In the hands of the Brahmans, two things befell the archaic teachings; two things, to both of which the Buddha bears very eloquent testimony. First, from being an inestimable spiritual treasure, a source of splendid spiritual inspiration, they became rather a hoarded possession, a source of spiritual self-congratulation. And here, it would seem, is the great sin of the Brahmans, the sin which made the Buddha's incarnation necessary: the sin of exclusiveness, of spiritual vanity, which is essentially the same, whether among the Brahmans, or the Pharisees, or among those modern professors of religion who are guilty of the same great fault.

The Brahmans, priding themselves on their spiritual wealth, on their superiority, gradually allowed the poison of vanity to work its way into their spiritual life, hardening and narrowing them; setting up barriers between them and other men; at the same time setting up barriers between them and the Most High; cutting them off from the deep sources of spiritual life and renovation. Yet they persisted in the study of their ancient, holy documents, in a certain real sense esteeming these teachings the most precious of all things, and conforming their lives to the systematic study of them, so that, from among the Brahmans, in age after age, there have come forth spirits of holiness and light who have added to the permanent spiritual treasure of the world.

But from this mingling of vanity with holy things there flowed the second of the two consequences of which we have spoken, and against which Buddha most eloquently preached: the fatal and deep-seated spiritual blindness, which led to a confusion between the Higher Self, of which the older Upanishads say such glorious things, and the personal self, of which might truly be said so much evil and condemnation. There came to be a fatal deification of the personal self, which shows today, as it has shown for centuries, in the attitude of the Brahmans: they believe that they themselves, in their natural bodies, are the privileged, the children of the gods; and, from this vantage-point they look down on all other men, as not only their inferiors, but as being in essence different; not so much coarser clay, as baser metal; essentially different in nature.

We do not say this simply as a reproach to the Brahmans, though it has been a grievous sin in them, and one bringing most grievous punishment to them and to their nation. We say it rather to bring out the essential nature of vanity, and above all, of vanity in spiritual things,—where it becomes the most deep-seated, insidious and dangerous evil of spiritual life. And, without going into the details of Egypt's spiritual decline and degradation, we may hold that some similar sin lay at its root; a sin, perhaps, more of the will than of thought and imagination, but in essence a sin of exclusion; shutting out the divine will, the divine light, the divine purpose and inspiration from the heart: in essence, a sin of disobedience.

These things have for us no mere archaeological or historic interest; they come closer to us than that. For, if we hold the teaching of reincarnation, we shall be convinced that the sins we have described are our own sins; that we ourselves, in earlier lives, were guilty of the sins of the Brahmans, the sins of the Egyptians; that through our fault, and the fault of our brothers, came about that darkening and degradation which give to the present age the sinister name of Kali Yuga, the Age of the Devil.

Therefore, since the great days of the Upanishads, since the large utterance of the early gods, sin and degradation have come upon the Western races. Or, to bring the matter home, we, the men and women of the Western races; we, whose spiritual history is the inner history of the Western nations, have fallen into sin: the sin of vanity, the sin of disobedience, which carry within them the promise and potency of every form of sin. From these, the stem, every branch and fruit of sin can grow.

And just because the burden of sin had become so heavy, just because the sin of Kali Yuga was so great, that even the Buddha's supernatural strength and devotion had not sufficed to lift it, Jesus, the Western Avatar, was constrained by the same divine compassion to seek to lift the same terrible burden. Therefore he came teaching, not so much the splendor and radiance of the Higher Self, as the evil and danger of the lower self; came with the word "sin" so frequently on his lips; came with a teaching which does enkindle, with fiery intensity, the sense of personal guilt, the burning sense of responsibility for the evil of the world. So that from this cause, if we are not mistaken, arises the contrast which inspired the criticism at the beginning of these Notes and Comments.

And along the same lines we may find the causes which gave rise to the second criticism: the criticism of Christianity, as being shut up in water-tight compartments, as in no large way mingling

with the life of our day, whether the life of science and philosophy, or the practical national life embodied in men like President Poincaré or the Prime Minister of England. And let it be clearly understood that we do not say that the essence of Christianity does not mingle with the life of the Western nations—for we are convinced that, in a deep sense, it does; but that it does this unconsciously, without recognition, and not identified as the teaching of Christ.

Two peoples were, at first, the field of Christ's experiment—first, the Jews; then the Greeks. The first disciples record his saying, that he sent them "to the lost sheep of the house of Israel." He taught only within the boundaries of the Jewish nation. The twelve were all orthodox Jews. Then, when his mission to the Jews had, in every outward sense, not only failed, but failed disastrously, in his arrest and crucifixion, we find him saying to Paul, shortly after his resurrection, "I send thee far hence unto the Gentiles." And Paul, through the limitation of language, carried the teaching only to those who could understand Greek. Therefore the field of Christ's effort was the Hebrew and the Hellenic world, the Eastern division of the Roman empire.

And we must believe that, in choosing this field, the Western Avatar chose the very best material available for his purpose; that, among all the Western races, the races which were the roots of the modern world, there was nothing better to be had for his purpose than the field he chose. The Karma of humanity offered nothing better; nothing else available at all. And at the same time we see, not only in the tragic outcome of his effort, but in the very history of these nations, of the whole Western world, how heavy was the burden of sin and evil that lay upon them. Take the testimony of the prophets of Israel; take the witness of the best of the Greeks to the deep corruption of their fellow-countrymen, and you have at once the measure of the burden Christ sought to lift, and the measure of the sin of the Western races; the measure of our own sin, since we are spiritually a part of these races, and have been spiritually a part of them, at every stage of their degeneration and degradation. It is their sin—and ours.

But what was the essence of that sin? Spiritual disobedience and vanity, the root of all sin, and, as always, manifesting itself as the evil of exclusion: the exclusion, first, of the light and will of God; then the exclusion of our brothers from our hearts. The terrible exclusiveness of the Pharisees, the no less terrible intellectual vanity of the Greeks: these were the dominating moral elements in the field which the Western Avatar set himself to till; the tares among which he was compelled to sow his wheat.

Therefore it befell that, as the wheat grew, the tares grew also. So that, in the church at Rome, which followed more directly in the path of Phariseeism, the way of the Circumcision, there was reincarnated, along with the purer teaching of the Master, something of the hard exclusiveness of the Pharisees; the lusting after an earthly kingdom which had marred and degraded the Messianic hope, gradually grew and developed into the teaching of the temporal power. The crown which impotent Cæsarism let fall, the Roman bishop raised and set upon his own head, as he took to himself Cæsar's title of Supreme Pontiff of Rome.

So the old spirit of exclusion was carried in the ships that brought the men of the New Way to Italy, and found a landing there. And it has grown grossly and potently ever since, bearing the fruit of arrogance and intolerance; the powerful causes of the exclusion of science and philosophy from the field of the Church, and consequently the exclusion of the Church from the field of science and philosophy, which formed the ground of the second of our two opening criticisms. The same spirit of exclusion, working itself out as the lust for the earthly kingdom, the temporal power, has been, for the last four or five centuries, the efficient cause making for the exclusion of the Church from the main channels of national life; an exclusion which we see in its logical development in the life of France to-day, or, to take our original illustration, in the orations of President Poincaré and General Joffre.

And in the Greek world, and as the heritage and development of the Greek spirit of intellectual vanity, we had the long centuries of barren theological controversy; of fist-fights to decide the relation of the Father and the Son, which form the terrible comedy of Christian history, and which must have been, to the Western Avatar, as pitiful and tragical to watch, if not even more tragical, than the more forceful aberrations of the church of the West, the lust of temporal power, the intellectual tyranny which brought Galileo to his knees.

It is a curious and profoundly vital problem, this tenacious holding to spiritual things, while at the same time plunging deep into dangerous sins, which we have watched among the Brahmans, the Egyptians, the Jews, the Greeks. It would seem that the supreme problem of the spiritual powers, the active spiritual agents behind the scenes of the world, must be this: to disentangle the good from the evil in such hearts as these; or, to use the Master's simile, to separate the wheat from the tares. For the entrance to spiritual life seems overshadowed by this danger: that only the strong can pass in; and that the strong are prone to carry with them the seeds of potent sins.

We come now to the practical application of our sermon. We see that the limitations of both the Eastern and Western teaching —and they are real limitations—are the result of history, of a history beginning in India and Egypt, and passing down to us through Palestine and Hellas; the history which, in its essence, is the history of our own souls. Two stages in the same great spiritual procession; each with its strength, its weakness. Is it not evident that the way of salvation lies in making the long development once more continuous, and thus supplementing the virtues of the one with the virtues of the other, and so eliminating the weaknesses of both; or, not to speak in the abstract, to join to the wide and radiant light of the Indian teaching the fiery intensity of the Western avatar; so that, learning from him the terrible significance of the malady of the will, the sin which in its essence is the exclusion of the divine will, we may at the same time learn from the ancient East that luminous view of the soul and of the world which will make impossible any intellectual or spiritual narrowness; which will thus break down the walls of those compartments within which the spiritual life of Christianity seems at present to be confined, so that it is kept apart from the general intellectual and scientific life of our age, kept apart from the practical life of the foremost nations. The Gospels are incomplete without the Upanishads. The Upanishads are incomplete without the Gospels. To bring them into living touch, is a task characteristically Theosophical.

"In order that intercourse with men may not be hurtful to us, in the functions which we exercise in their regard to gain them to God, we must observe that our life ought to be a mixture of action and contemplation, in such wise that the former may be animated, directed, and ordered by the latter; that among the exterior works of the active life, we may always enjoy the interior repose of the contemplative; and that our employment may not hinder our union with God, but rather serve to bind us more closely and more lovingly to Him; making us embrace them in Him by contemplation, and in our neighbor by action."—Spiritual Doctrine: Lallement.

FRAGMENTS

THERE was great War on earth; vast armies meeting in the shock of battle: war on land, war on the sea, war in the upper reaches of the sky. And the Angels who, by God's command, keep (like faithful sentinel stars) forever watch and ward o'er men, saw and heard these things,—wings folded cross-wise, arms upon their breasts, breathing the rhythmic silences of adoration, against which beats ceaselessly the noise of man's activity.

Then those other Angels, whose high office it is to bear in their stainless hands up to God's throne, the prayers and offerings of men, passed and re-passed swiftly in countless numbers; and though many, many of those prayers shone with the lambent light of faith and courage and resignation (all so dear to God); yet others were clamourous, crying out against God's wickedness, or moaning in despair why things so terrible should be. And the watching Angels saw and heard these things also. Then they counselled among themselves, perplexed as to what change had caused these special clamours; wherein were things different from what they had been before?

God heard the Angels conferring and sent a message to them: "Men only see with their eyes, and hear with their ears, and touch with their hands. The tumult and horror and agony of war they can perceive; they have yet to recognize the more deadly horror and destruction of their cancerous 'peace', filled with blasphemy and evil, Satan's pleasure ground, where souls are suffocated in the poisonous gas of luxury and bodily ease and soft comfort. St. Michael pierced the curtain with his lance, and now men see at last the conflict that was waging all along."

The Angels murmured, understanding God,—"May victory crown St. Michael and his hosts."

CAVÉ.

ANCIENT COMMENTARY

God created man in His own image, and gave him the Eden of his soul to dwell in, and the gift of Eternal Happiness. God also gave him freedom, for without freedom man could not possess either his happiness or his own soul. And upon this freedom, otherwise complete, God placed one bar only;—the contemplation of evil was forbidden; for in the presence of evil heaven cannot live, and man in his soul consciousness would die. Man was intended to contemplate God alone, and in God to find all knowledge. But through the sin of disobedience, which is the spirit of Evil incarnate, man lost his soul consciousness and so his Eden, and was driven down into the consciousness of the lower personality, thus making of himself a dual creature, who previously had been unified as the image of God.

Thus came strife and confusion upon earth,—no longer a garden producing all manner of beautiful flowers and fruits, but a desert to produce thorns—and sorrow piled on sorrow, and at the end death. For man having made the cleavage between the higher consciousness and the lower, had to experience that cleavage on passing from one condition to the other, with the horror upon him that in the passage, all personal consciousness might forever be lost.

So man lives in two worlds, and is happy in neither; each being separated from the other, is, in his consciousness, false; and he finds satisfaction nowhere,—always a hunger and longing which he strives to still by a perpetual alternation, fondly hoping at some instant of transition to grasp them both. For the gaping wound of that old sin still separates our hearts.

That which was caused by disobedience, can only be overcome by obedience perfected. Knot by knot, with patient effort and toil, the tangled skein of life can be unravelled; each man in and for himself unwinding that tiny thread which represents his portion of the whole.

And the great Elder Brothers, as merciful exemplars, have shown us how.

Let us be just and fair, however. God created heaven and put man in it: man created hell and put himself there: and God ceaselessly holds out His hand to lift man from it; and ceaselessly labours to destroy that place of horrors man has made.

THE POETRY OF CHARLES PÉGUY*

TWO prizes that confer distinction in the world of letters have recently been awarded to two writers of religious verse. Each of these poets draws his inspiration from his national religion. Their form of expression is almost antipodal. For the religion of one, an Oriental, is abstract and general. It concerns itself with universal and cosmic laws. It has a long line of teachers, and renders special reverence to three or four holy men, who, at critical epochs, have re-stated and rejuvenated old beliefs. But it does not descend from any one religious leader, nor is its cult directed toward the glorification of any individual. The Frenchman's religion is in striking contrast. It venerates one definite, historic individual as its Founder, and it labors zealously for self-propagation with the view of winning for that Leader recognition as a world Saviour and Sovereign. There would seem to be no common elements in the religious verse of Tagore and Péguy. But the two men are alike, in much of their verse, as rhythmical stylists. Both are skilled users of the "free rhythm" of Walt Whitman. Rhythm is the "quickening spirit" of poetry. It is rhythm that brings together and galvanizes the *disjecta membra* of thoughts and feelings. That spiritual essence very often eludes observation, hidden from us within the intellectual skeleton and the rhetorical flesh of poetry. It is the great achievement of an artist like Swinburne that he reveals the true nature of rhythm—its vitalizing force—by creating rhythmical life that is almost independent of any intellectual body: "white rose of the rose white water." There is then a resemblance between Tagore and Péguy in the most vital and spiritual part of all manifest poetry—rhythm. That likeness might lead one to conjecture that, at heart, they serve a common purpose.

The prominence of Tagore and Péguy, at this time, does not seem merely casual. A glance backward over history shows that very often men who thought they worked against each other have been used toward one end. Loyola and Luther are an illustration. They were two buttresses thrown out on opposite sides of the mediæval structure in order, by thrust and counter-thrust, to hold up the cracking walls and crumbling roof of the Gothic edifice. Men in their blind partisanship would have wrecked the cathedral, Protestants by building two Luther props, Catholics, two Loyolas. God, in true catholicity, set his little minions "head on," and thus accomplished an end necessary for civilization and salvation. Tagore

* Monsieur Péguy was killed in September at the Marne. When urged, as a literary man, not to join his regiment, he replied: "What I am about to do is worth thirty years of writing."

and Péguy appear working toward such a common end, one from the East, with universal principles and laws, the other from the West, with a concrete example of embodied principle. Both strike smashing blows upon the decrepit materialism that twenty years ago entered upon its childhood of senility.

Tagore throws a stream of light upon much that is obscure, at first, in Péguy. Péguy and the group of which he is the focus are known as *anti-intellectuals.* That epithet perplexes us, for we think of the intellectual realm as *ultima Thule.* We would say that men who are anti-intellectual must be crude barbarians. Yet we remember that one member of the group, Rolland, is perhaps the most acute of modern critics, and is a man erudite as well as cultured. Péguy and Delahache are *décorês* of the French Academy. We know the Academy does not award its *prix* to barbarians. Evidently, then, anti-intellectual cannot mean unintellectual.

The truth about Péguy, Rolland, Claudel and the whole group will be more evident if we will consider them on the positive and constructive side, rather than on the neutral or negative side implied by "anti-intellectual." Antagonism to what passes for intellectual methods and forces is, with them, a result. It is not their motive. The force that impels them to action, for which they are fighting with crusading virility, is the *soul.* Like Bergson they recognise the limitations of the intellect by the use of the intellect itself. They deny the popular affirmation that intellect is *ne plus ultra.* They declare that the intellect stands at the very beginning almost of the evolutionary way instead of at the end. They recognize intuition as a faculty of man's higher states. They call those higher states of consciousness inner and spiritual. But by spiritual they do not mean—as is so often meant—something vague. They mean a condition or realm of things quite definite, quite concrete, quite substantial, quite tangible—indeed they mean a condition that for the first time in the evolutionary process has the quality of permanent reality.

Shelley will help us to understand the attitude of Péguy and Rolland toward the mind and toward the heart or soul. We must understand that attitude because it is fundamental to their convictions. The closing stanzas of the "Adonais" are household mottoes.

> That Light whose smile kindles the universe,
> That Beauty in which all things work and move.

But Shelley, like all other poets, often dazzles by his splendor, inducing intoxication by his beauty; we lose ourselves in a bewildering ecstasy and fail to reach the poet's heart. In those celebrated closing stanzas Shelley paints a vivid experience of Life. He sees Life divided into two parts by a "web" that is "blindly wove by man and beast and earth." On one side the web are the divine immortal Powers, Light, Love, Beauty; on the other side humanity and its creatures, shut off from immortality—some burning for Light and striving to reach it, others quite indifferent.

Further, Shelley declares that for him the web was worn transparent so that through its inmost veil he caught sight of the Immortal Radiances, and saw with them, sharing their splendor and immortality, the star-like soul of Adonais. Shelley was not putting words together to beguile tedium. He was narrating an experience—an inner experience of his real self, his soul—an experience as vivid, definite, clear, and memorable as one's first mountain sunrise.

If we will translate Shelley's record of his spiritual experience into plain prose there may be less chance of losing ourselves in bedazzlement. In the cruder imagery of prose, those ecstatic stanzas of the Adonais mean something like this. Life is a vast and spacious hall, stately columned, lofty domed. Its windows open upon lovely terraces. Man is the lord of that noble hall. But across the inner wall of that pleasure-palace man has drawn and fastened a heavy curtain. Instead of moving about in garden and hall, as master and lord, man has made of himself a prisoner shut out from light and life. He crawls over the surface of the wall—flattened to a two-dimensional being—like a worm or insect. His higher faculties are unused. "The sweet approach of even or morn, or sight of vernal bloom, or summer rose, or flocks, or herds, or human face divine"—all these have no meaning for him. His is a vermin-like existence in the gloom of the curtained wall.

Most of the poets know the misery of that prison life. The limitations of time and space, stone walls of our mental life, are the dungeon from which poets and artists long to escape. Tagore is but one of a host when he cries:

> Light, oh where is the light?
>
> Misery knocks at thy door, and her message is that thy lord is wakeful, and he calls thee to the love-tryst through the darkness of night.
>
> The sky is overcast with clouds and the rain is ceaseless. I know not what this is that stirs in me,—I know not its meaning.
>
> A moment's flash of lightning drags down a deeper gloom on my sight, and my heart gropes for the path to where the music of night calls me.
>
> Light, oh where is the light! Kindle it with the burning fire of desire! It thunders and the wind rushes screaming through the void. The night is black as a black stone. Let not the hours pass by in the dark. Kindle the lamp of love with thy life.

Philosophers also (and saints) have vivid experience of those dungeon walls. Bergson, who has so deeply influenced Péguy, uses a figure almost exactly like Shelley's and Tagore's. He writes that between nature and ourselves, nay, between ourselves and our own consciousness there intervenes a veil. That veil is dense and impenetrable to the average

man. But to poets and artists it becomes thin and transparent so that they see the light shining on the other side.

The curtain or veil that so imprisons poet and saint, is woven by the mind. The word *mind,* as thus conceived, is very comprehensive in its meaning. It includes much more than the *"freezing reason,"* much more than mental processes usually associated with the acquisition of knowledge and culture. Thus it includes ambitions of all kinds, emotions (which usually are placed in contrast with the mind as proceeding from the heart), it includes passions, lustful and refined. As thus understood, it is *mind* that dominates all the activities of worldly or earthly life—whether those activities be tangible or intangible. The moment the mind ceases to dominate and submits to the higher authority of the heart or soul, the passage has been made from earth to heaven. For when the motives that impel to action in any part of life—whether in the family, in art, in government, or in religion itself—issue from the heart instead of the mind, man has passed from under the veil. He is no longer the prisoner of time and space. Through an act that proceeds from the heart—in the family, in science, in art, or in business, he comes to experience the larger life of the real world; he shares its infinity and its immortality.

It may be that at this point Tagore could remove thick clouds of misunderstanding from over our heads. In fact Tagore seems to suggest that by Nirvana the East means not annihilation of life but annihilation of the prison wall. The East strives to escape, often perhaps unconsciously, not from life but into Life—to reach the real life of the spiritual world, by breaking down the mental web which imposes time, space, and all other limitations upon our finite mental faculties.

A distinctive thing in Péguy is that he expresses in familiar terms of Christian phraseology the truths which have been left abstract, general and cosmic by many other poets and philosophers. With his constant use of Christian terms, one must, however, remember that Péguy is a poet, not a theologian. His religious views are largely inferential. He makes no schematic statements of dogma old or new.

It will be easy to grasp Péguy's views from a brief statement of them, if we recall a certain practice of St. Paul's. I mean the so-called "allegorical" method of interpreting Scripture. This is said to have been introduced among the Jews by Philo, the great Alexandrian scholar. It was used, after St. Paul, by many of the Fathers, notably by Jerome, later by the great French Abbots of St. Victor and by Dante. The "allegorical" method is simply a method of getting two or more harmonious meanings out of the same passage—one the historical or outer fact, the other the spiritual or inner fact. Thus St. Paul regards Hagar as a definite historical person and as a symbol of the geographical Jerusalem. Sarah is a type of Jerusalem the golden—the new city. Elsewhere, St. Paul seems to interpret the "first Adam and the second Adam" as two states of consciousness in man—one an earthly, finite, mortal thing, the second, the spiritual Master of infinite life. Similarly, to Péguy Eve would seem to

be a type of the Mind. She is primordial Mind. It is she (for she is eternal and works in each of her children) who weaves that dense veil which divides the Temple of Life into two parts—Heaven and *La Foire sur la Place.*

In the fifth volume of the *Jean-Christophe* series, Rolland has pictured life as he and Péguy see it, life under the veil of mind. *La Foire sur la Place* is the obsolete word, Hell, made current once more. It is a vivid and startling picture of worldly life. For as Péguy and Rolland see life in *La Foire,* it bears the same relation to real life, as a cellar blossom does to a garden flower. It is pallid, scentless. An unfortunate hyacinth bulb that gets imprisoned under a flat stone will find enough moisture and light there to come to a hideous travesty of bloom. No one who had ever seen a hyacinth in a garden border could look at the blighted flower without a shudder. Our ordinary life in the world appears just such blight to this group of French literati. It is life deprived of light—a grave-yard activity, the dead moon of the mind unsunned by the soul.

The Incarnation would seem to such a view the Advent of True Light into the prison of darkness and pallor of death. It was the Spiritual Principle, the Creative Logos by which the whole universe had been unfolded, coming to regain a portion of His realm that had separated itself from Him; coming, in other words, to redeem humanity. It was an Advent not as an inapprehensible Principle (*principium*), but as Being clothed upon with a form perceptible to the human mind. It was the Spiritual Intelligence of the higher realms of consciousness subjecting itself to the limitations of matter and finite law. The Logos, as Christ, lived and acted in the realm of three dimensional matter, yet, by reason of His spiritual being, manifested at will His native superiority to three dimensional limitations and laws. His miracles exhibited the normal law of the higher world—they were simply triumphs over the prison limitations that the lower mental processes have imposed upon man. And Christ's life culminated in one supreme miracle that forever gave the lie to all conclusions reached by the intellect. His apparent defeat (death), as seen by men's mind, was the moment of true victory—the regaining of His true spiritual condition uncumbered by limitations. At that moment of death and victory the veil that divides the Temple of Life was rent in twain and captive humanity was set free—the prison wall of partition was broken down, and the exile, man, was restored to his home, the wandering prodigal to his Father. It was thus that Christ brought sight (spiritual) to the blind; freedom to those languishing in captivity. By reuniting earth and heaven, by making God and man at one, He made a true Atonement.

Péguy, and with him his friends, did not in a moment come into these intense convictions which represent fundamental religious truths. A long and hard struggle preceded. That struggle is symbolically presented in Rolland's novel *Jean-Christophe,* especially in the three volumes *La Foire sur la Place, Le Buisson Ardent* and *La Nouvelle Journée.* Like

Christophe, Péguy comes from the people. He was born in Orleans in 1873, of peasant stock, sturdy, both morally and physically. But his childhood was as happy as Christophe's was unhappy. From his peasant grandmother, an illiterate, clever, upright and devout woman, he learned the legends and traditions of the golden past of France. After that ideal childhood there came a period of education that drew heavy clouds over the sunlight. School, college, university, the world seemed to change his golden inheritance into dull lead. Intellectual training made his religious beliefs look absurd. The consequence is that Péguy, like Carlyle, Wordsworth, Emerson and so many others, regards with disapproval and unfriendliness contemporary systems of education. He writes in one place:

> Allez, mes enfants, allez à l'école
> Et vous, hommes, allez à l'école de la vie
> Allez apprendre
> A désapprendre.

At l'Ecole Normale Péguy became a devoted admirer and follower of Bergson and began his friendship with Rolland. The *Dreyfus affaire* brought to a focus his immense enthusiasm and energy. He was a fervent *pro-Dreyfusard*. The *affaire* filled him with indignation. He felt that France must be given a thorough house-cleaning. His magnetic fervour drew friends. They went to work with the wrecking apparatus of socialism. Péguy undertook the management of a fortnightly review *Les Cahiers de la Quinzaine* (1900), a journalistic free lance that might be used in defense and offence of any beleaguered post. They worked strenuously as civic and social reformers. Then the character of *Les Cahiers* began to change. From humanitarian and reformistic it became humane and literary. In 1904 Péguy published in *Les Cahiers* the first installment of the now celebrated *Jean-Christophe*. That change in the nature of *Les Cahiers* indicated a deeper change that had taken place in Péguy himself. Years of reforming frenzy taught him the futility of efforts to re-arrange outward things. He learned that out of the heart are the issues of life. He caught a glimpse of the interior world that lay just beyond the portal of his own heart. He entered that spiritual realm of the heart's desire, and found himself once more in the fairy land of his childhood—the golden world of Reality,

> The world's sweet inn from pain and wearisome turmoil.

Péguy's work as poet dates from the end of his storm and stress period. Several volumes of prose mark the transition from his pamphleteering career. In 1910, he drew upon the legends and traditions of old France given him in childhood and published the first volume of his *Mystères de Jeanne d'Arc*. Two other volumes of the *Mystères* have followed. This work is constructed upon the same architectural proportions as *Jean-Christophe*. The poet's aim is to create an atmosphere of

the inner life. As that inner world of the spirit is one in which time and space, as we know them, do not exist, the poet does not in his writing regard those negligible temporalities. The three volumes of *Les Mystères* record a conversation of Jeanne d'Arc at the age of thirteen and a half. There is no plot, there are no incidents. The child knits in the field as her sheep pasture. Sometimes she stops her knitting and there are long pauses of silence. It sounds altogether impossible and dull. But Péguy's inspiration makes it enthralling. The three volumes overflow with loveliness, with charm, with *gaminerie,* with a gaiety of humor that is startling.

Every true poet's work is distinctive, and inexpressible in terms of other poetic artists. Yet, to convey the impression of what Péguy writes about children, I would say it is Wordsworth gilded with Angelico. I mean the true Wordsworth who wrote:

> The children are culling
> On every side.
> In a thousand valleys far and wide,
> Fresh flowers—while the sun shines warm,
> And the babe leaps up on his mother's arm.

Gild those valleys with the ethereal gold of Angelico, add his priestly vestments and martyrs' wreaths, and you have Péguy.

> The voice of a child is fresher than the breath of the wind in a silent valley,
> Some far off sheltered valley.
> And the eyes of a child are more profound than the deep of Heaven's blue;
> Milder than the milky way;
> Gentler than the light of midnight stars.
>
> (*Les Saints Innocents.*)

The most distinctive quality of Péguy's verse is his humor. It is gay; often ironic. It will shock heavy temperaments, because Péguy makes it appear as a characteristic of God Himself. God does a large part of the talking in *Les Mystères.* He says many things. But whatever He says, He says with humor, laughter and irony. This humor is a very original trait in Péguy. Yet it is not as unfathered as it may at first seem —not altogether unprepared for in the older literary achievements of France of which Péguy is so proud and from which he would dislike to swerve. The root of this divine humor is to be found in Molière.

In all of Molière's great comedies there is one silent actor. This silent actor is an ideal spectator—Aristotle's magnanimous man—a perfectly rounded, symmetrical character in whom are harmonised and resolved all the discords and eccentricities of the comic personages. With insinuating courtesy Molière suggests that this ideal spectator is

not far off from each reader. And it is each reader's identification of himself with this flawless spectator that gives to *Le Misanthrope* and *Le Tartufe* their immense power. Those comedies succor many people for whom the bottom of the universe has dropped out. Molière is the acme of worldly comedy. Péguy writes divine comedy. With Péguy, the ideal spectator is God. God in his impartiality and perfection resolves and harmonises all the errors, vagaries and sins of his comic creature, man.

> Je connais bien l'homme. C'est moi qui l'ai fait. C'est un drôle d'être
> Moi je ne suis pas si exigeant.
> Parce que je sais ce que c'est que la perfection, je ne leur en demande pas tant.

I have said there is no plot, no aim in *Les Mystères.* Perhaps I may contradict myself now, and say that one end is the training of Jeanne for her high place in Heaven. God foresees her latent possibility and undertakes to mould her so that when she reaches Heaven she may not bore Him as so many other saints have done. It does not sound polite, but Péguy must be granted a certain poetic license in more ways than one, even, as in his use of the Holy Innocents, to the point of startling us by what may seem irreverent. To mould Jeanne God holds up for her emulation the Holy Innocents, the babes slaughtered at Bethlehem by Herod. Those babes are God's favorite saints. They died before they learned the Psalms; hence in Heaven they cannot sing them. Péguy, to make his point, does not hesitate to use the rather startling words: they died before baptism, hence they have no onerous obligations against the world and the devil. And they know nothing about mortifying the flesh. They find themselves in Heaven with martyrs' crowns and palms. They understand the significance of neither. But the crowns are uncomfortable bonnets, and the children naively take them off. Then as they wonderingly handle the crowns they discover that the palm branches make very good hoop-sticks. So with a peal of infantile laughter the babes toddle off, "one hundred and forty and four thousand" two-year olds chasing their hoops through the gardens of Heaven.

The pastures of the blesséd are decked in glorious sheen. That is pure *gaminerie.*

Péguy is a great poet. But it is doubtful whether he will ever be as widely read and as popular as Romain Rolland. He has as many peculiarities of style as Whitman, whom in some respects he resembles. He writes Whitman's kilometric stanzas. He leaves both Whitman and Swinburne panting at the third mile. He goes on for fifty. Yet he is an immense power and he marks a great advance upon Rolland. Rolland symbolised the struggles and victory of Péguy and his adherents—their journey from darkness to light, the victory of their fiery genius. To Péguy the victory is more than individual achievement. It symbolises

national victory. The creative energy of old France came to it from the spiritual world. The energy of faith and hope dwindled as intellect and reason usurped the place of the soul. But that creative power is a spiritual force. It cannot die. St. Geneviève and Jeanne d'Arc still summon France to battle, and will lead to glory. Faith is the source of Péguy's patriotism. It makes his enthusiasm for France something more than fanfare. He believes profoundly that France is the chosen nation—chosen not for self-aggrandizement and worldly prosperity, but for service. So with his delightful combination of *gamin* and *dévot* he makes God say of the French:

> Ils n'ont pas besoin qu'on leur explique vingt fois la même chose.
> Avant qu'on ait fini de parler, ils sont partis.
> Peuple intelligent,
> Avant qu'on ait fini de parler, ils ont compris.
> Peuple laborieux,
> Avant qu'on ait fini de parler, l'œuvre est faite.
> Peuple militaire,
> Avant qu'on ait fini de parler, la bataille est donnée.

Péguy is convinced that France is, in some special way, needful to God for the completion of the work of the Incarnation.

> Qu'est- que je serais sans mes vielles paroisses Françaises (God asks).
> Qu'est-ce que je deviendrais?

That conviction is the inspiration and theme of all his poetry. His subjects of predilection are St. Geneviève and Jeanne d'Arc. It is not the picturesque and dramatic that he sees in their lives. He sees them coöperating with the divine plan, preserving for God the instrument He has chosen for accomplishing His own designs. There is in Péguy an expectation something like that of the Old Testament Jews. He looks to see God Himself on the throne of France.

> Je suis bon Français, dit Dieu, droit comme un Français
> Loyal comme un Français.
> Je suis le roi de France.

Péguy is not romancing when he writes such startling beliefs. He has authentic facts of history to support his views. He must be familiar with the documents that record the words and achievements of Jeanne d'Arc. At her first interview with Charles at Chinon, Jeanne told him that if he would accept her services, he would be crowned at Rheims and so would become "the lieutenant of the King of Heaven, who is King of France." Doubtless Péguy learned in childhood that old legend which the Blessed Marguerite Marie is said to have repeated when she was

urging that Louis XIV should emblazon upon the banner of France the symbol of the Sacred Heart—I mean the legend of Clovis and his presentation of France to Christ for his earthly kingdom. Péguy is convinced that Christ accepted the gift.

Nos Français sont comme tout le monde, dit Dieu. Peu de saints, beaucoup de pécheurs.
Un saint, trois pécheurs. Et trente pécheurs. Et trois cents pécheurs. Et plus.
Mais j'aime mieux un saint qui a des défauts qu'un pécheur qui n'en a pas. Non, je veux dire:
J'aime mieux un saint qui a des défauts qu'un neutre qui n'en a pas.
Je suis aini. *Un homme avait deux fils.*
Or ces Français, comme ils sont, ce sont mes meilleurs serviteurs.
Ils ont été, ils seront toujours mes meilleurs soldats dans la croisade.
Or il y aura toujours la croisade.
Enfin ils me plaisent. C'est tout dire.

Christ's acceptance of the valorous old king's gift means glory and victory for France. Christ, the Royal Conqueror, will bring true the old mediæval aspiration dreamed by Charlemagne and others, of a world-empire. And when the Priest-King carries forward his Easter banner a step further into the darkness, His loyal aides also will bring their tasks nearer completion. St. Geneviève and Jeanne d'Arc, living servitors of His purpose, will share His triumph.

Comme elle avait gardé les moutons à Nanterre,
On la mit à garder un bien autre troupeau,
La plus énorme horde où le loup et l'agneau
Aient jamais confondu leur commune misère.

Et comme elle veillait tous les soirs solitaire
Dans la cour de la ferme ou sur le bord de l'eau,
Du pied du même saule et du même bouleau
Elle veille aujourd'hui sur ce monstre de pierre.

Et quand le soir viendra qui fermera le jour,
C'est elle la caduque et l'antique bergère,
Qui ramassant Paris et tout son alentour
Conduira d'un pas ferme et d'une main légère
Pour la dernière fois dans la dernière cour
Le troupeau le plus vaste à la droite du père.

CLARENCE C. CLARK.

LETTERS TO FRIENDS

XII

Dear Friend:

IT is not surprising that you should have failed to understand my last letter or that you should have thought it self-contradictory. A truth can really be known only by living it, and when we attempt to apprehend it with our minds, in advance of experience, it must always appear as a paradox. The single beam of white light is refracted by the prism into all the colours of the spectrum, and we see and must describe them as different one from another. Yet each is light and is comprehended in the single unrefracted ray. It is within the prism itself that we find the reconciliation of this unity and diversity; and it is in the experience of our own hearts as we turn them to the Master that the paradoxes of life are resolved.

In the spread spectrum of glowing colours, stretching far on every side, we have an image of material life. Looking only upon it, the concept of its unity in the white light of the spirit seems vague and abstract. There are so many things to be desired and their variety is so great. We desire them all. (And in this desire, if we could but realize it, is a true witness to their oneness.) But we find that to take one we must turn away from others, so that every gain means a loss as well; and from this comes a divided will and vacillation of purpose and the constant sense of an unsatisfied hunger and of having missed the greater good. We find, too, though here perhaps I am straining my illustration, that when we turn to any special colour and try to make it our own, it pales and grows dim, as though a shadow had been cast upon it which gradually grew more and more dense and obscuring. It is we ourselves who cast this shadow, and it must always fall on what we look upon so long as we turn our backs to the source of light. It is the tragedy of ordinary life that the shadow falls most darkly on what we draw closest to, so that to possess is to lose, and to lose the very possession for which all else was sacrificed.

There is but one escape from this. It lies in the volte-face that constitutes discipleship. We turn around, and no longer regard the wide mirror where the spectrum is spread, but gaze into the prism from whence it radiates. There lie all the colours, in the undimmed splendour of their beauty. There, as we draw near one, we draw near all. The old conflict of desires, divided purpose and vacillation of will, cease to have cause or meaning. Gain no longer involves

loss, and the shadow of self no longer falls upon our pathway, or darkens and obliterates the good we crave. We face the light and possess it, knowing that it will but grow brighter as we move toward it, and that, in the prism itself, in the ultimate goal of our striving, we shall possess by being,—by ourselves becoming one with the refracting medium that contains within itself and makes manifest the effulgent glory of the pure white ray of spirit that falls upon it. This ultimate goal is the union of the disciple with his Master. In it is the only possibility of a possession that does not defeat itself, the only fulfilment of the ceaseless craving of our hearts.

The life of discipleship does not have its beginnings in indifference to the appeals of material life, but in intensity of desire for the realities they reflect. Quite simply and literally it is only the man who is incapable of real desire who is incapable of discipleship, and I will go even further than this and say that, at the outset, it is of comparatively small importance what it is that he desires, provided only he desires it with all the power of his being. It is only he who is neither hot nor cold who is spewed out of the mouth of life; and, as I know that neither you nor I can believe in the ultimate independent existence of evil, we must both believe that behind or within all that a man can desire lies some element of good which alone enables it to be. The small and vacillating desire may never penetrate to this good; remaining in the evil that is its distorted reflection. But the great desire will never rest content until it has cleaved its way to the heart of what it craves. Even through evil, and through the suffering and long purgatory that evil entails, he who desires greatly will be led at last to live greatly and to turn to the Master in whom and through whom the reality of that desire can alone find its fulfilment. Whether you desire wealth or power, beauty or love, you cannot grasp it in the mirror where now you see its image; and as, life after life, you try and fail, you will in time be forced to realize the truth. Then you will turn around, and facing the reality, will find yourself facing your own Master and entering upon the disciple's path.

I do not know whether what I have written here will be any clearer than what seemed to you so confusing in my last letter. I had told you that your barrier was a misunderstood and divided allegiance, and that only you could determine to what you wished to give your whole and complete allegiance. That, you say, was entirely intelligible, but that I went on, not to show you how to make your allegiance single, but apparently to prove that, being what you are, it must always be divided. You do me the justice to believe that this was not my intention, and you ask me to tell you more plainly where the reconciliation lies.

It lies in the paradox we have been discussing; in the volte-face which must be made at the very beginning of the Way, and which

is the theme of both *Light on the Path* and *Through the Gates of Gold.* You have read both these books, and I know how much you feel you owe them. But you have not understood the primary lesson that they teach, nor will you understand it until you experience it in your own life. I can, at best, only hope to show you the direction in which that experience must be sought, and to restate its meaning in cruder and more concrete terms.

First, let me be quite explicit as to what I meant when I said your allegiance was divided. Religion and discipleship are still to you but parts of life. You want them. But so also do you want love and health and a good name among your fellow men. You will tell me that discipleship means more to you than these. Perhaps. But it does not yet mean all. And the reason is that you are still gazing at the reflections of reality, not at that reality itself. This is as true of your view of religion as it is of your view of human love. You are seeing them as separate colours in the spectrum of the outer life, and are trying to possess them there, where they are separate. This means three things. First, that you are still dazzled by the glamour of external life and have confused the appearance with the reality. For this reason I said that you had misunderstood your own allegiance. Second, it means that your allegiance is divided, for you want not one thing, but many, and seek to follow diverging paths. You may answer that between love and religion there is no conflict, but that each needs and renews the other. Of their realities this is true—as I shall try to make wholly clear. But it is not true of the desire to possess their reflections in the external world. Bitterness toward God is in conflict with religion; and when I asked you to consider how bitterly you would resent the loss of what you value, the suffering and death of those you love, or even the loss of your own good name, I was suggesting an experiment that I hoped might show you what seeds of bitterness, what potentialities of rebellion against all religion, lay in your ununified desires and craving for possessions. And finally, it means that could you attain to what now seems to you discipleship, that is, could you come to possess its reflection in external life, you would find the shadow of self growing darker day by day upon it until all its beauty faded and you were left in the night of two worlds.

The point of this is that discipleship cannot be found in the world of reflections, though you may have seen and desired its image there. Discipleship consists in fronting the real; in facing the light which all images reflect and from which all colours radiate. This light is the Masters' light. The disciple's desire is the synthesis of all desires. His love for his Master contains his love for all others—for wife, or brother, or friend. So long as your desire for discipleship and love of your own Master have not this all inclusive quality, so long, in other words, as they are but one love and desire among

many, they are not the disciple's desire, and you have not experienced that complete reversal of your attitude toward life which constitutes discipleship.

This is what I tried to make clear in my last letter. I told you that you had not the disciple's desire, and that no one else could give it to you; but that you could gain it if you would. You ask me how. The answer is by turning from appearances to reality, by reversing the polarity of your life. Again you will ask me how to do this. There is but one way I know. Turn to your own Master. Seek him day by day and hour by hour, in meditation, in prayer, in service, in your duties and your pleasures, in all things great or small. Seek him and love him, and commune with him. Draw your inspiration from him, and the strength to fulfil that inspiration. Love with his love. Desire with his desire. Live with his life. And if still again you ask me how you are to do this, while your will and desires are still divided and the disciple's volte-face has not been made, my reply will be two-fold. First, use such desire and love as you have for your Master. They will grow by use. And second, seek that understanding of life which will make clear that only in and through him can you gain the reality of your other desires, or permanently possess that which you crave. As you do this you will be led to concentrate and transmute the now scattered forces of self-interest, and instead of their being enemies with which you must contend, you will find them allies in your undertaking and urging you on to your goal. Not all at once, but little by little and desire by desire, you will make the turning from the illusory to the real; from the shadow of self to the light of the Master.

I do not know how far I can help you to gain such an understanding. For it to be effective it must be immediate and personal, not merely theoretical and abstract. It must be your own inner conviction before you will act upon it; and it must have been given very direct and definite application to your own strongest desires before there will be any real result in the unification of your will. Therefore, if I am to write of this at all, I must write of what is most intimate and closest to your heart. With you, as I think with all men, this is your human love.

Let us abandon our image of the light and its many coloured reflections. It has served its turn, even if it has not been asked to carry more than it ought properly to bear. Let us, for the moment, not even try to distinguish between what is true and false in our love, but think only of that love itself and of the preciousness of the bond in which it holds us. Let us try to conceive how it will be with us and with our love when we come to die.

Other things we would be willing to leave behind us. It would cost us no pang to know that wealth and fame and the enjoyments of the flesh and many another earthly good that we have sought and

treasured, must now be laid down. But love we would wish to keep. Without it, eternal life would be eternal emptiness. And it is not another love we wish, but this which is our own, for these,—for wife or child or friend,—to whom it binds us. What surety would we have that in death this, too, was not to pass away?

We can answer this question only as we know whence our love came and from what it draws its life. "That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit." If our love today is of the flesh, it will perish with the flesh. If it is to live with the spirit it must be reborn from the Spirit. Do not think that I am writing figuratively, and am saying only that our love must be purified and freed from evil and from self. Assume that no breath of evil has ever touched it, still I mean quite simply and literally that our love can live only as it is born and nourished by the Spirit, or, in other words, as it is given us by the Master and draws its life from him. Reread that wonderful colloquy between Jesus and Nicodemus, the master of Israel who knew not these things. What Christ there says of man is true of all of life. It is true of love, of consciousness, of all things whatsoever from the greatest to the least. "No man hath ascended up to heaven but he that came down from heaven, even the Son of man which is in heaven."

All that we have or are comes to us from the Divine, through that descending hierarchy of divine life which some of us call the Lodge and others the heavenly host. From the one who stands at the head of our own ray we draw our life. Our consciousness, our love, our power of enjoyment, or of service, are his gift to us, part of himself,—as the life of the branch is the life of the vine. And because he is in heaven, in the world of the real and not of shadows, this life and consciousness and love of ours, born from him and descending from heaven, can again ascend there, and, in reality, always is in heaven though with us it is far from it. This is our surety that our love will live. It will live, not because it is ours, but because it is the Master's; not as it has been cramped, misunderstood, and distorted in our own hearts, but in the fullness of symmetry that it possesses in his; and we shall recognize it as our own in the measure of the likeness that now exists between its life in us and its life in him. When we come to die there will be no question of such moment to our love as that of how close this likeness has been made. Does it not behoove us, therefore, for our love's sake if for no other, to learn to turn our eyes to the Master, that we may see the reality and the perfection of our love as it lies in his heart and in his will for us, and be no more confused and misled by the cross lights and passing shadows of appearances and of our own self-will?

Let us remember, also, that if love is born of the Spirit, it must be nourished by the Spirit and obey the laws of the spiritual life. If

it is to continue to live it must grow and bear fruit. Consider how constantly all spiritual teaching emphasizes this truth. There is the parable of the Talents. Are we, too, to bury our gift in self? If we do we shall lose it. Or again there are the parables of the barren fig tree, and the withered branches of the vine. We cannot keep a love that bears no fruit; and no branch can bear fruit of itself, but only as it abides in the vine. Surely all this teaching is clear. Our love can endure only as it grows; and it can grow only as it is renewed from its source in the Master. If we understand this, our human love itself will make us seek the Master and strive day by day to draw more and more from him; day by day to take to him the fruits of our love; and to acknowledge that only in and through him have we life or love at all.

I do not want to multiply illustrations if my point is already clearly understood. But so few seem to realize that human love in and of itself is very far from being immortal or infinite. It is such only as it is eternally renewed from its source in the immortal and infinite love of the Divine. Cut off from that source, it is like water in a cistern, its amount measured by the capacity of that which contains it. And our hearts are not infinite, but pitiably small. Therefore it is that so many men exhaust their love by use, drawing on their own hearts till they are wholly empty and they have no more to give. It is pitiable when this happens, as it does more often than most suppose, with men and women whose only thought was to be true to their love and to give in obedience to its demand. They have not understood, even as you have not understood, that love cannot live of itself nor be nourished only from the human heart. It must draw its life from the heart of the Divine. If we are to continue to draw water from a cistern we must see to it that the springs which feed that cistern are kept clear.

I have written a long letter. And I do not know whether you will understand it. But I hope that as you yourself reflect upon the great questions with which it deals their meaning in your own life will grow clearer to you, and that you will see the turning which will set your face toward your goal.

Believe me, as always,

Faithfully yours,

JOHN GERARD.

SOME ASPECTS OF THE KINGDOM

THE Kingdom of God has now as few understanding adherents amongst all the Christian nations as it had amongst the Hebrew peoples nineteen hundred years ago. And this generation has lost one belief which those ancient Hebrews held and held with all the strength of a conviction,—that the great flux or stream of events aimed towards a definite goal and was guided by a purposeful God. It was this belief, coupled with a great tenacity and an indomitable national patriotism, that gave the Master Jesus a mould into which he could pour his new teaching of an imperishable kingdom, and put before the world a goal universal in its inclusiveness.

Many of us pray daily the Lord's Prayer, many of us desire and work for the coming of his kingdom; most of us seem to have but a vague if not fantastic and unreal idea of what the kingdom is. This in part arises from the fact that the kingly ideal and the principles upon which kingdoms are founded have largely disappeared from our minds. In fact the whole tendency and teaching of today is in direct opposition to such ideals. Kingdoms are no longer the fashion, and so, without second thought, are condemned by unthinking men. Limited or constitutional monarchies are the furthest concession to tradition that the almost universal democratic spirit of Western civilization will permit. In every country the idea of growth and development has been synonymous with the increased power and representation of the people. The aim of modern statesmen, or at least of modern politicians, has been avowedly not to rule, but to be ruled, rather, by the majority-voice of a sovereign proletariat. Only recently we find the newspapers, reflecting at least a portion of public opinion, asserting that the present war would never have been if the people had had their say. It is stigmatized a "King's War"; and all predictions of the outcome assure us that imperialism is doomed, and that monarchies will be such only in name.

Yet Christ claimed to be a King, and bade us pray "Thy Kingdom Come."

Was he to be only a figure-head, a King in name? To be sure he said "My kingdom is not *of* this world"; but this same kingdom was to be *in* the world, leavening it till the whole is leavened. And Christ also recognized an opposing kingdom over which Satan, "prince of this world" ruled, and which is to be overthrown. Was the Master speaking only an allegory, or are we to look for some more direct and simple meaning? It would seem that we are to look

for such a meaning; at least there is much evidence of this to be found in history, in the life of the Master whose prayer we have used as a basis for this article, and there are in addition some hints to be gleaned from the writings of Madame Blavatsky and other Theosophic writers. For there must be some significance in this ideal prayer, and in this body of teaching, which is not remote, but vitally applicable to the current of our thought and experience today. This world of ours is a real world, depending, it is true, upon the spiritual world and not of itself permanent, but while it lasts, actual and real. Therefore it would be a mistake to lay sole emphasis on the purely spiritual nature of the kingdom, though an extreme such as socialism represents, with its denial of any spiritual world, is even more mistaken. It seems that at times, certainly, such a spiritual emphasis has led to a picture of the heavenly kingdom which is entirely estranged and divorced from our knowledge of this world. These ideas belong to separate categories in men's minds, and beyond a possible moral relation, they are thought to be in no way affiliated. But it is in men's minds exactly that the unreality and misunderstanding occur, because it is the fact, acknowledged now by such a philosopher as Bergson, that the mental and psychic faculties are incapable of at-one-ment with the worlds of matter or spirit, and are the only unreality of existence. The seventh perfect race will not ascend to some other planet or to some strange and far different state of being. It will be, on the contrary, on this earth of ours which we know and have grown to love. Nature will be the same Nature—seen through purer and clearer eyes no doubt; perhaps as the artist sees—but with the same indefinite magic of its presence which draws all our hearts alike. The Masters are not known to us as alien to the beauty (or even to the ugliness) of the world of men. Instead their exquisite appreciation of its loveliness, their true artists' joy, far surpass the comparatively feeble expressions of our noblest poets and painters. Therefore it does not seem that we must limit the ideal of the kingdom to a remote spiritual world, totally unlike this creation, and entirely beyond the highest flights of fancy. The more we do conceive of it in this way, assigning some unmeasured future time to it, so much longer, surely, will it take even for that day to arrive.

Further than this, we believe that Christ "ascended into the heavens," and that he and the Lodge have worked and do work ceaselessly for the establishment of God's kingdom. But such work cannot be limited only to inspiration through direct personal communion or through churches and religions, but must also, it would seem, avail itself of every human institution and activity. The Author of the letters in the *Occult World* has suggested that the great figures of history are but "puppets" in the hands of the Lodge; and if this be difficult to see in a man like Napoleon, perhaps Blessed

Joan of Arc or St. Catharine of Siena bear a more convincing historical witness. If every nation has its own particular genius which gives it an individual life as unique as that of any soul, surely the Masters are at least as much concerned with the spiritual growth of a nation as we believe them to be with that of each soul. They would, therefore, watch the policy of any nation, its religion, its patriotism, its loyalty to honor, its defence of all righteousness and justice, with a keenness of interest and a hope that men could hardly conceive. The Masters cannot and should not be ignored in these matters, because "he that is not for me is against me." So the election of a President, the government of a Prince, the career and standards of a Prime Minister, must be an affair of very real moment to these unobtrusive and for the most part quite unseen workers for our welfare. Therefore in looking back over the stretch of history, we would do well to look for such signs as we may be able to detect of the moulding of events by the spiritual powers. Perhaps we shall find that the divine right of kings is not so outworn as present day historians and economists would have us believe.

In the first paragraph allusion was made to the Hebrews, because there seems to be much that we can learn today from their history. The Hebrews held a unique place amongst the nations then existing, and their *ideal,* at least, was so high as to put to shame our Christian countries. Though only a small "artificial" sub-race, not more than eight thousand years old according to the *Secret Doctrine,* their belief that God had a purpose in history and an especial purpose for them which they could in part understand, prepared the way for the greatest revelation humanity has yet received. The word artificial quoted above suggests that perhaps special efforts were made in the formation of this sub-race to give men an understanding of the spiritual world. Abraham, Moses, and Solomon, adept kings according to the *Secret Doctrine,* together with the long line of prophets from the eighth to the fourth centuries B. C. would seem further to substantiate this idea. However this may be, Israel from the dawn of its history believed itself to be in a special sense the favorite of God. Jehovah was their divine sovereign, and they were his subjects. In order to know the will of their King, prophets were as much a part of the state as lawyers or policemen today. The nation, if it would, could wholly co-operate with God, and it was in the co-operation of man and God that the purpose was to be accomplished.

The whole scheme of a Hebrew's life and the whole tissue of his thought, depended upon this idea. Moses gave him laws in conformity with God's purpose; action became good or evil as man co-operated or failed to co-operate with this purpose.

Such was the ideal. As time went on Israel fell away from the ideal, just as a child, grown up, too often falls away. In the early days the nation desired other things than the spiritual gifts of

the promised land, and seeking a land of milk and honey, found only disappointment and persistent evil in the world. Rising from its disappointment, the youthful tribes united and attempted to combat evil conditions; for many years political power and the attaining of military prestige, thus bringing the world to the worship of Jehovah, was the mainspring of action; and again disappointment resulted. Finally, come to her maturity, Israel, as do mankind today, sought to find some ritual, some course of personal devotion, some routine that would hold her firm till the time of salvation and regeneration should arrive. Then arose together with the Priestly Code, the Jewish Apocalyptic literature, with its prediction and hope of a Messiah and of a new kingdom.

But at this time also two distinct and conflicting tendencies split the national consciousness. The nobler and more spiritual of the two was the tendency to think of Israel as specially called to witness for the one and only God amongst the nations of the earth, and to work for the day when all mankind would be consciously and directly under the divine governance. This was the early vision with a new application and comprehensiveness; it was held by the select minority, and was used and built upon by John the Baptist and by Jesus. The other tendency was to look upon Israel as the only people who were of any account in the world, the people of God, who should dominate the earth through the coercive power of a divinely appointed King. The latter idea was mischievous in the extreme, materializing all that was good and true in the theocratic principle, and leading eventually to the downfall of the Hebrew nation under Roman domination.

It was this desertion of the true principle of their race-life that caused the ruin of Israel, and not the weakness or falseness of that principle itself. Time and time again when the prophets, in season and out of season, asserted the infidelity and treachery of the nation, and proclaimed themselves divinely instructed as to the policy or course of action immediately necessary to meet some crisis with success, the heart of the people was touched, they obeyed the call, and prosperity was invariably the result. Always this prophetic message was religious, but with an immediate, practical application. In no uncertain language do they assert that they are Jehovah's mouthpieces (*Jer.* XV. 19), quoting his words directly (*Jer.* 19; *Ezek.* iii. 22), endowed with his spirit and in his confidence (*Am.* iii. XI; *Mic.* iii. 8; 2 *Is.* XLV iii. 16; *Zech.* VII. 12), commissioned as his instruments in shaping the destinies of mankind and of bringing to pass divine operations (*Hos.* VI. 5; *Jer. Is.* VIII. I, etc.). Idolatry more than any other sin appeared to outrage the *personal* ties existing between Jehovah and his people; and, accordingly, as idolatry came into direct conflict with their firm belief in the providential ordering of the events of human history, we find the prophets con-

trasting the love and affection of Jehovah for Israel with the disloyalty of the latter to its God. Only through obedience, and finally, only through a heartfelt repentance, could Israel avert the catastrophe consequent with its sins. But the nation had become too corrupt, it had become so wilfully materialistic that obedience meant obedience only to the letter of the law and not to the spirit; and the Messianic kingdom, a mere earthly world-power. So the Israel of the later prophets appeared too unworthy of regard for it to be the mainspring of the divine dealings with it; God's voice was hushed, the sanctuary was silent and desolate, no more prophets arose, and the people lived in a false hope. Few, indeed, were able to appreciate the Master Jesus when finally he came.

We have entered thus with some detail into the religious significance of the history of the Hebrews because the record of their life both external and internal is so familiar through our knowledge of the Bible; whereas those kingdoms of still more ancient times, which had a similar or even higher ideal, and which are spoken of in the *Secret Doctrine* or other Theosophic books telling about Atlantis, Ancient Egypt, or pre-historic Greece, are either totally unknown, or wrapped in a dense fog of misinterpretation and prejudice. And yet the lesson from this chapter of human experience, the inference to be drawn from it, is disregarded or set at naught. The theocratic ideal has practically disappeared from the world ever since; only in France, amongst the modern nations, have we seen the struggle after a similar state, as when Clovis dedicated his kingdom to God, or when St. Louis reigned as God's direct agent on earth. Today we find the poet Péguy turning back once more to this tradition, and voicing the patriotic appeal for a renewed allegiance to God and to his warrior captain St. Michael. But the world at large is deaf to this appeal; it has absorbed too entirely the current of thought which the decadent Jews themselves through contact with foreign countries, had found congenial to the materialistic spirit of their age. It is no wonder that a kingdom built up upon principles of injustice, physical domination, and violence, should have been repudiated; that kings who reigned for personal aggrandizement, or for the physical welfare of their subjects alone, should have failed to command respect. But this was not the kingdom of God; it was of men. And since the age was and is material, Christ when he preached the kingdom, emphasized the spiritual nature and essence of the real kingdom.

The proclamation of Christ did not assume any new character, therefore; rather it revived an obsolete ideal; just as John the Baptist revived in his person the peculiar type of Jewish statesman called the prophet. In our state today the pursuit of equality produces men of commanding will, who, as statesmen, have a "certain skill in quarrelling by rule," and whose highest achievement is by themselves conducting the government, to prevent citizens from tyrannizing

over each other. The Jewish statesman, as we have seen, represented God, reflecting not only God's wisdom or justice, but his very majesty and royalty in the presence of his subjects. Early kings deserved to be called, not his servants, but his Sons. So in these circumstances the cry "The kingdom of God is at hand" could not be mistaken; Christ's claim to be the "Son of Man" was but prophetic fulfilment; it meant that the theocracy was to be restored, and that the nation was called upon to commence a new era by falling back upon its first principles.

Christ himself lived and taught these principles, despite the fact that he ascended no earthly throne, and failed to restore the Hebrew nation. The Temptation in the Wilderness, amongst other things, shows how low and material the ideal of a hero-king, such as David or Solomon, had fallen; and exemplifies the conflict which Christ had to wage against an intellectually and morally corrupt civilization. It was impossible for him to have established a veritable kingdom at such a time, though his heart longed to do so. "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, if thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace! but now they are hid from thine eyes." We can believe, then, that Christ might have founded an earthly kingdom after the world's model, but that he chose rather to work for a future kingdom, when "they shall see the Son of man coming in the clouds of heaven with power and great glory." But the principles of kingship he established, and established once for all, by his life and doctrine—the true principles of all true kingdoms.

Webster, among other paraphrases, defines a monarch as "one superior to all others of the same kind." Even the perverted minds of men today instinctively admire a king who is a king in fact, who leads by his inherent strength and dignity, who commands respect, who epitomizes chivalry, who inspires enthusiasm. It is unfortunate that in modern life these qualities have become too associated in our minds with actions in themselves tainted with lower attributes. For example, to be chivalrous today where women do not know what to expect is truly difficult; how to treat chivalrously a woman-suffragist has not as yet been established. But this response of the heart to the ideal is a sign that within men lies dormant a power to realize the kingdom. It is not only to a worldly ideal of a king to which Christ appeals; he, as always, placed that ideal upon the highest possible plane. What, then, are the essential qualities of kingship, and how did Christ fulfil them?

On the surface Christ's pretensions to kingship were absurd. Poor, humble, finally an outcast, he declined apparently all the functions proper to a king. He paid tribute to Cæsar, which as a Jew and above all as Messiah he should not have done. He refused to assert or maintain his realm by physical force—the first duty of every king. The ancient kings of Judah had been judges, so the

Jews invited him more than once to undertake the office of judge. Christ declined the office, in one case saying that he was not commissioned to exercise judicial functions. These were the principal attributes of the ancient monarchy and of every worldly monarchy. All of these Christ declined, and yet continued to speak of himself as a king so clearly that those about him quarrelled for places and dignities under him. What did he mean?

First, he appealed to the forgotten view that royalty was derived from divinity. He spoke, therefore, of the "Kingdom of God," or the "Kingdom of the heavens." Secondly, we find him proceeding along lines similar to ancient history in the founding of his kingdom. As God had called Abraham and created the nation over which, though invisible, he was to reign, so Christ proclaimed his kingdom and called together his disciples. God said to Abraham "Get thee out of thy kindred, and from thy country, and from thy father's house, into a land which I shall tell thee: and I will make of thee a great nation, . . . and in thee shall all families of the earth be blessed" (*Gen.* XII. 1-3). In Palestine a voice said "There is no man that hath given up father, or mother, or house, or children, or lands, for my sake and the gospel's, but he shall receive an hundredfold more in this present life, and in the world to come life everlasting." The two calls resemble each other in form; in substance and meaning they are strikingly parallel.

Christ, then, announced the establishment of his kingdom; his next step was to institute its laws. Many of the kingly functions had been taken over by the degenerate kings of Israel, and the nation would not yield to any higher standard. Therefore Christ calmly abdicated those functions which the worldly spirit had usurped, and showed that he was king in fact, despite outward form. So Christ declined to command armies, or to preside over law courts, but the higher work of commanding men's wills he undertook to do in God's name. This is of the essence of kingship. But men obey their King because they have to do so; if the king inspire willing obedience so much the better, but the compulsion is no less there because in the background. Christ imposes no such force or restraint, but despite this he achieves the same result. "If a man love me he will keep my commandments," he says. That obedience, that loyalty, that recognition of the royal prerogatives essential to monarchy is to spring not from respect for a superior force, but from the overpowering attraction of the highest and most sublime principle of the universe. At one stroke, so to speak, Christ has raised his kingdom from the physical world alone to the spiritual world; and therefore his kingdom is not perishable, dependent on cyclic law, but everlasting and universal.

But in so doing Christ did not remove his kingdom out of the world. His laws are necessarily moral laws because mere physical

law perishes with the physical organization, and Christ was legislating for an imperishable kingdom. When, therefore, he declined the office of civil judge it does not follow that he declined all judicial function. On the contrary, Christ entered very immediately into the worldly, everyday lives of men, and passed judgment upon them continually, assuring forgiveness of sins, or pronouncing severe sentences. He built up a state within the very borders of the states of civil society, but he threw off all external authority. There were not to be two laws—one human, one divine—but, as in ancient Israel, only one, the divine. And because Christ's kingdom is founded on true and natural principles, there is no need to enforce the commandments by punishments. Disobedience cuts the bond of love and automatically excludes the member. So also, sympathy with Christ's aim, love for him with its consequent obedience, are the only conditions of membership. This kingdom could progress side by side with every worldly institution and yet could never be overthrown by the latter as long as one faithful subject remained. Similarly we can see that as this kingdom spread in numbers and gained influence throughout the world, the establishment here on earth of Christ's kingdom as a visible reality would become possible. Christ himself fortells this in his predictions of his second coming, and the Apocraphal Revelations of John contain many hints. In the meantime we, who desire his kingdom, and are ready to die for it, as he died for it, as all loyal subjects should be ready to do, can find, perhaps, a very definite and real work to accomplish, in putting the leaven of this thought of the true nature of the kingdom into the world, supporting such efforts as that of Péguy in France, and preparing the way for the early establishment of this kingdom not merely in the hearts of the faithful, but externally in the world.

If the question be asked, why did Christ proclaim a kingdom and not a republic, we answer that Christ obeyed the laws of the universe. The hierarchical system is at the basis of universal life in whatever form or kind of existence. As the universal heart exfoliates, different planes appear, and with planes we get hierarchies both in spiritual realms and in the more physical. Those who stand for a broadly democratic ideal, or for a brotherhood which includes the higher for the benefit of the lower, becoming thereby no true brotherhood, place themselves in direct opposition to this fundamental law, and will find this out to their cost sooner or later.

On the other hand those who can believe in and desire such a monarchy as we have attempted to indicate, are not merely supporting the purest and most ideal of any existing conception of government, but are also working in harmony with the universal purpose and plan. We say the most ideal of existing governments because in this kingdom alone the obedience of the subject is in no case reluctant or mercenary, but grounded upon a genuine conviction of

the immeasurable superiority in goodness, wisdom, and power of the ruler. Such superiority is always supposed to exist in a king, and to constitute the ground of his authority; but is not this in most cases merely a fiction that deceives no one, sustained only by the bombastic titles and hollow formalities of court etiquette? To be sure, kings have arisen in disturbed times from a private station, and have won scepters by merit. Therefore, many obey such a King voluntarily, worship in their hearts his superiority, and find their freedom in accepting his yoke. But even in these cases there are many whose submission is reluctant and sullen, or else mercenary and hypocritical. There is always at least a minority whose subjection is secured by force.

But in Christ's monarchy, modelled upon those hierarchies which are a very part of existence, no force is used, though all power is at command. The obedience of his servants is absolutely unqualified;—an obedience not in form or by act alone, but of the whole being, from the heart, involving often a sacrifice of life. Thus from an absolute harmony of inward desire, from a new moral sensitiveness, can arise a kingdom of Christ on earth that will be everlasting because founded on the presence of the Divine Spirit within the soul. It is for us to make this Kingdom of God not merely a daring imagination, such as Plato conceived, but so to live as Christ's actual subjects, that, without waiting for favorable circumstances, or for permission of kings or people, we may gradually work our ideal into the constitution of existing states, developing it, as it were, from within. For the Kingdom does exist; it has already long outlasted all the states which were flourishing at the time of its foundation. It subsists without the help of costly armaments and military prescription; and it rests on no accidental aid or physical support, but on an inherent immortality.

Who of us choose this for our Fatherland, and Christ for our King?

JOHN BLAKE, JR.

WAR SEEN FROM WITHIN

I FOUND myself walking between two rows of seats, some empty, some occupied; but I had eyes only for the King, who sat on a raised dais, at the end of the hall. His long and slender figure was immovable, his finely moulded face looked as if chiselled out of translucent ivory. As I approached and made by obeisance he looked up and smiled a greeting, as with a slight gesture of the hand, he indicated my place, to his right, and a little behind him. As I seated myself I glanced at the others present. Some were well known friends and comrades of human existence; others were age-long fellow disciples, known only in the inner world. There was an indescribable difference between the denizens of the inner world, and those who were burdened with earthly existence. The latter had a certain dimness about them; signs of wear and tear, of strain, of incompleteness.

Then the Queen entered and passed between the rows to her seat on the dais, beside the King. We rose as she passed flashing her greetings right and left, with luminous eyes and tender smile. Beautiful, yes, and gorgeously gowned, with a blazing star upon her forehead, and a throbbing, gleaming rose pulsating upon her bosom, yet one's dominant impression was of radiance and purity, not the negative purity which we earth-bound mortals know, but an active, living quality which contains a power.

We sat for a time in silent meditation and then, suddenly, the Master was there. Again we all rose with that deep and ardent glow of the heart in its uprush of utter devotion, which only He calls forth;—a feeling which can only be dimly imagined by our earth-dulled faculties. He returned our greeting and spoke to us. I cannot give His words, for there were no words. It would, perhaps, be more correct to say that He communicated his ideas; we became aware of what He wanted us to know. I must, however, try to put it into human speech.

"I have called you together, my children, at this time of stress and turmoil in the world, that you may know something of the forces that are operating, something of the problems that confront us, and so understand something of the remedies proposed. Look well at that which I shall show you." And we seemed to see the whole world spread out at our feet like a map. Clouds of unrest and discontent rose up like swirling smoke. We saw the lurid emanation of evil thoughts and sensual living; we saw the sins of man, not in their material crudity, but in their inner effect and essence, like fœtid odors and poisonous gases. And then we saw that in the tumultous rolling and spreading of this evil influence there was design; we saw the Dark Powers of nature guiding and directing, and we understood that this mass of evil, generated by mankind, was a

living weapon which the Dark Powers used to make more evil and still worse conditions. We saw evil used to generate evil.

Then the vision changed. We saw streams of light, of life, of color, shooting through the murky clouds, and we knew that these were from the good deeds of mankind; we saw the Divine Powers of nature use these beams of light to combat the evil; and the picture became a battle scene, with the whole world as its theatre between the Powers of Good and Evil, armed by the good and evil acts of man. We saw forces for evil massed together, as a cloud forms in a summer sky, and then directed upon a given country; and we knew that it was designed to enforce some movement of unrighteousness. Then the Divine Powers would collect their available store of beneficent force, and would oppose the onrush of the black cloud; a ceaseless and titantic struggle.

Again the scene changed, and we traced these clouds of evil down to their source in detail. We saw into the horrid minds of selfish and corrupt men and women; into the hideous hearts of the sensualist and the libertine. We saw the forces of envy and malice, of ambition, of greed, of lust, of gluttony, in the making, and we covered the whole dreadful gamut of human perfidy, wickedness and sin. Sick at heart we turned with relief to the opposite pole and traced to their sources the streams of light. We saw prayer rise like a cloud of incense; we saw unselfishness, courage, faith, devotion. We saw a negro mother in a wattle hut in Africa, thrust out her hand to save her child as a heavy water jar was about to fall upon it; and as she forgot her mangled hand in her joy that her baby was uninjured, we saw a bright beam of light stream heavenward. We saw the power of self-sacrifice; the potent effect of labor performed with cheerfulness and love. From many a lonely farm-house rose a stream of light that compared in intensity and brilliance with the emanation from a convent.

Again the vision changed. Time rolled back and it was the middle of the Eighteenth Century. We looked down on Europe and saw the forces of discontent, of envy, of lust and greed and social unrest, concentrate about France. The Good Powers seemed to be confining them there. They grew denser and denser until they burst into the fury of the French Revolution and were dissipated in the suffering and hardship which resulted. We saw many other clouds gather and break, and we knew what these movements represented. We saw the evil made by man, turned back to fructify some new form of evil. We saw socialism raise its head and gather and spread like a stream of foulness, and we saw the efforts made to stop it. We saw the forces of scepticism and materialsm grow strong under the carefully nutured direction of the Evil Powers. When the clouds of blackness would become too dense, there would be an explosion, a war, a famine, a plague, an earthquake,—some happening that would exhaust and dissipate the accumulated evil.

But through it all, we noticed that the blackness grew, until not merely in spots, but over the whole earth there spread a thick haze that

threatened to stifle the streams of light which still rose from countless millions. We saw the blackness concentrate over Germany, and through it we could see the dauntless figure of Bismarck, who, in spite of the light which arose from the fine things in his personal character, was yet a focus for the play of Satanic forces. We saw the blackness gather and break in the Austrian war, and the Franco-Prussian war. A part of it was exhausted, and France especially was purged of much evil; but the darkness as a whole rolled up, and grew and grew, and spread over all of Europe, sending out huge shoots that met and merged with the special clouds hanging over other countries. We saw the light grow dim and the clouds grow blacker.

Then the vision changed again, and we saw the working of the law of reactions, and we understood that the Bright Powers, though backed by the illimitable reservoirs of spiritual force, were yet limited in their efforts by the reactions which followed their activity. When some particularly vicious sally of the Dark Powers had to be repelled, and there was no earth-created light with which to oppose it, the Bright Powers would see their own force, or draw from the universal reservoir. But when they did, we could see liberated a corresponding amount of power which the Dark Forces could use, so we realized that how and when and where the Good Powers could act was a matter of gravest calculation. They could use without reaction all power supplied them from below, but could not use their own power without these dangerous reactions. Some universal law tied their hands and made their task infinitely more difficult, and then we knew that it was the law of free-will that could not be contravened. Humanity was what it wanted to be and what it had made itself by its own evil living, and must not be arbitrarily interfered with by extra-terrestrial forces, even for its own best good.

Poised, serene, ceaselessly vigilant, we saw the Lords of Light and Life wage this unequal warfare. We saw the war-cloud form over Europe as the darkness grew ever darker and the Evil Powers more active. Then we saw the war break out and huge masses of men like living waves, hurl themselves at each other. Countless souls rushed upward to the regions of peace and quiet, while streams of the raw material of human stuff returned to its elemental source. We saw the lights of courage and hardship bravely born, of unselfish patriotism and heroic endeavor, rise in a mounting tide, and we saw bits of the black clouds of evil sucked down and disappear into numberless areas of suffering.

Understanding something of the limits within which the Divine Powers had to work, we no longer wondered at the gradual increase of the black clouds of evil, of the steady submergence of good. Then simultaneously, in all our minds sprang the same question, "What is the end? Will humanity perish in the dark sea of its own iniquity?" And with one accord we turned to the Master. Again He spoke.

"You see the battle; you understand the need; and you wonder where I will get the force to counteract the tide. Well, I have *you;* those of you

who are in earthly life, and those others who will volunteer to go there. I *can* use you, for by your sacrifice and efforts in conquering in yourselves those mounting tides of evil, you have earned the right to use your power without reactions; power that I can supplement in so far as you are in harmony with me. I need you; the world needs you; or poor suffering humanity must suffer still worse torments than this well-nigh universal war. I know that I do not ask in vain. Let each of you get ready for his part."

Feeble, useless words to express the trumpet call of the Master's appeal. There were no protestations, no words, but from each heart came an instant response that made the eyes of the Master glow. He raised his hand in blessing, said once more, "Be ready!" and then was gone.

We sat in silence for a time, too stirred for speech, and desirous of registering in our minds the Master's words and our impressions of the whole experience. Then the King spoke, with an intensity of feeling that vibrated through his quiet, simple words, "We have accepted service. It is a great privilege. There is no one here who would not die cheerfully for the least of the Master's commands. Let us do that harder thing and *live* worthily until His call to active service comes. We must return to our several stations. Let us go back with hearts on fire. Farewell until we meet again."

MEN-TEK-NIS.

Lord Ashley before he charged at the battle of Edge Hill made this short prayer:—"O Lord! Thou knowest how busy I must be this day; if I forget Thee, do not Thou forget me."

DOES CONSCIOUSNESS EVOLVE?

The Answer of the Vedanta

TO the question, Does Consciousness Evolve? the Vedanta answers, yes, and no. Personal consciousness evolves, from childhood to maturity, from surface sense-perception to the deeper levels of mental and moral life. But there is also the Divine Consciousness, which is perfect, complete, already embracing all things. We cannot say that it evolves; for what can be added to the All?

By the Vedanta, we mean, I think, the sum of the rivers of wisdom which rise in the Upanishads, and flow through books like the Bhagavad Gita into the reservoir of the Brahma Sutras, made level and watertight by the Commentary of Shankaracharya.

In that sum of wisdom, there are two great words, Atma and Brahma. The first, Atma, is Self, as we know it, first, in the selfhood of our everyday life, but with the thought of a deeper and more real Self above and within. The second, Brahma, is the ultimate sum of Being, the Eternal, the Divine Consciousness. And the central message of the Vedanta is the announcement that the two are one. The Real Self in us is the Divine Self; or, to put it the other way, God is the Supreme Self of all beings.

But in our ordinary lives we are in no wise conscious of this oneness. We are far indeed from knowing and realizing that we ourselves, as regards our inmost and most real selfhood, are not only *at one* with the Divine Consciousness, but are in very deed *one* with that Divine Consciousness; and not one with a part of it only, but one with the All, with the ultimate sum of the Eternal.

Beginning with the ordinary consciousness of every day life, we are to grow, step by step, to a realization of ourselves as the very Divinity of the Supreme. We do not *become* that; by progressive steps we come to realize that we already *are* that. This progressive realization, therefore, is our development. We may compare it to the consciousness of a man coming gradually from sleep to full waking. Therefore it is called Bodha, "awakening," and one who has attained to its perfection is a Buddha, "an awakened one."

One of the most valuable things in the Vedanta is the definition of the stages of this progress development, this gradual awakening of consciousness, beginning with the ordinary personal consciousness of everyday life. This part of the Vedanta, and perhaps it is the most vital part, is already fully developed and very beautifully set forth in the oldest Upanishads. Thus, in the Brihad Aranyaka Upanishad:

"The Spirit of man has two dwelling-places: this world and the other world. The borderland between them is the third, the realm of dreams. While he lingers in the borderland, the Spirit of man beholds both his dwellings: both this world and the other world. And according as his advance is in the other world, gaining that advance, the Spirit of man sees evils or delights.

"When the Spirit of man enters into rest, drawing his material from this all-containing world, felling the wood himself and himself building the dwelling, the Spirit of man enters into dream, through his own shining, through his own light.

"There are no chariots there, nor steeds for chariots, nor roadways. The Spirit of man makes himself chariots, steeds for chariots and roadways. Nor are any delights there, nor joys and rejoicings. The Spirit of man makes for himself delights and joys and rejoicings. There are no lotus ponds there, nor lakes and rivers. The Spirit of man makes for himself lotus ponds, lakes and rivers. For the Spirit of man is Creator."

A very charming expression of the psychology of dreams, with a suggestion of a deeper consciousness beyond dreams. The belief that dreams are made up of the stuff of waking impressions, is very directly taught a little later in the same passage: "Dream is a province of waking. For whatever he sees while awake, the same he sees in dream." The Prashna Upanishad puts the same thing in a slightly different way, also adding the vital thought of the something beyond: "The bright one, mind, in dreams enjoys greatness. The seen, as seen he beholds again. What was heard, as heard he hears again. And what was enjoyed by the other powers, he enjoys again by the other powers. The seen and the unseen, heard and unheard, enjoyed and unenjoyed, real and unreal, he sees it all; as All he sees it."

We have thus in both Upanishads the suggestion that into the world of dreams, which we may call the psychical consciousness, there enters, besides a reviewing of the images of things seen during waking, another element; an element coming, not from beneath, not from waking consciousness, but from above, from a deeper consciousness at the other side of dreams. And it is in the description of this third consciousness, perhaps, that we find the most original and valuable contribution of the Vedanta; because this third consciousness is the meeting-place of the personal and the universal, the human and the Divine.

Here is one description, or rather indication, of it, very simple and direct, from the Prashna Upanishad:

"When he is wrapt by the radiance, the bright one no longer sees dreams. Then within him that bliss arises. And, dear, as the birds come to rest in the tree, so all this comes to rest in the higher Self."

Fuller, and even more eloquent is the picture of the third conscious-

ness in the Brihad Aranyaka Upanishad, in the section from which we have already taken the very vivid description of the realm of dreams:

"When he has taken his pleasure in the waking world, moving to and fro and beholding good and evil, the Spirit of man returns again by the same path, hurrying back to dreamland.

"As a great fish swims along one bank of the river, and then along the other bank, first the eastern and then the western, so the Spirit of man moves through both worlds, the waking world and the dream world.

"Then as a falcon or an eagle, flying to and fro in the open sky and growing weary, folds his wings and sinks to rest, so of a truth the Spirit of man hastens to that world where, finding rest, he desires no desire and dreams no dream.

"And whatever he has dreamed, as that he was slain or oppressed, crushed by an elephant or fallen into an abyss, or whatever fear he beheld in the waking world, he knows now that it was from unwisdom. Like a god, like a king, he knows he is the All. This is his highest world.

"This is his highest joy. He has passed beyond all evil. This is his fearless form. And as one who is wrapt in the arms of the beloved knows naught of what is without or within, so the Spirit of man, wrapt round by the Soul of Inspiration, knows naught of what is without or within. This is his perfect being. He has won his desire. The Soul is his desire. He is beyond desire. He has left sorrow behind.

"Here the father is father no more; nor the mother a mother; nor the worlds, worlds; here the scriptures are no longer scriptures; the thief is a thief no more; nor the murderer a murderer; nor the outcast an outcast; nor the baseborn, baseborn; the pilgrim is pilgrim no longer; nor the saint a saint. For the Spirit of man is not followed by good, he is not followed by evil. He has crossed over all the sorrows of the heart."

We cannot but be touched by the beauty and inspiration of a passage such as that. The Chhandogya, which is, after the Brihad Aranyaka, the greatest of the older Upanishads, has a charming expression of the same thought of the third consciousness:

"As the honey-makers, dear, gather the honey from many a tree, and weld the nectars together in a single nectar; and as they find no separateness there, nor say: Of that tree, I am the nectar, of that tree I am the nectar. Thus indeed, dear, all these beings, when they reach the Real, know not, nor say: We have reached the Real."

Are we to hold, then, that, in this deeper consciousness, individuality is lost. We have one answer from experience: We all go to sleep, and "lose consciousness," as we say. But we wake again in the morning, not to a brand new being, but to the old, familiar consciousness of ourselves as ourselves; or, as the Chhandogya more fancifully puts it:

"Thus indeed, dear, all these beings, when they reach the Real, know not, nor say: We have reached the Real. But whatever they are here, whether tiger or lion or wolf or boar or worm or moth or gnat or fly, that they become again. And this Soul is the Self of all that is, this is the Real, this is the Self. That thou art, O Shvetaketu!"

Following the same line, the Brihad Aranyaka dwells more fully and steadily on the problem of the preservation of identity, in the deeper consciousness which lies beyond dream: In this third consciousness,

"The Spirit sees not; yet seeing not, he sees. For the energy that dwelt in sight cannot cease, because it is everlasting. But there is no other besides the Spirit, or separate from him, for him to see. . .

"The Spirit speaks not; yet speaking not, he speaks. For the energy that dwelt in speech cannot cease, because it is everlasting. But there is nothing else besides the Spirit, or separate from him, for him to speak to. . .

"The Spirit thinks not; yet thinking not, he thinks. For the energy that dwelt in thinking cannot cease, because it is everlasting. But there is nothing else besides the Spirit, or separate from him, for him to think of. . .

"The Spirit knows not; yet knowing not, he knows. For the energy that dwelt in knowing cannot cease, because it is everlasting. But there is nothing else besides the Spirit, or separate from him, for him to know.

"For only where there is separation may one see another, may one touch another, may one hear another, may one think of another, may one know another. But the one Seer is undivided, like pure water. This, O king, is the world of the Eternal. This is the highest path. This is the highest treasure. This is the highest world. This is the highest bliss. All beings live on the fragments of that bliss."

There is here a suggestion, which we shall presently follow up, that the third consciousness is something more than the deep rest beyond dreams, in which we take refuge from the strife and weariness of the day, to awake full of its essence, refreshed, in the morning; that it is, in fact, not only within, to be reached by rising through the realm of dream; but also beyond, to be reached by an orderly progression and development beginning with the ordinary everyday consciousness of our personalities, and going forward through steadily rising stages of mental, moral and spiritual growth: a goal of human perfection, or, perhaps we should say, of divine perfection, to be attained by human beings. The essence of that perfection is, that we shall realize our oneness with the Divine Consciousness, our selfhood in the Supreme Self of all beings.

Of the nature and quality of that Divine Consciousness, which we are destined to attain, the Upanishads have much to say, that is of great

beauty. But we must turn aside from it for the present, to consider the matter from another side.

In the passages quoted, there is a clear indication of an evolution, a development, from our ordinary everyday consciousness to the Divine Consciousness of ultimate Being. What, then, is it that develops? Is it consciousness? Or is it the vesture of consciousness, or, perhaps, a succession of vestures?

A recurrent phrase in one of the passages suggests an analogy which may help us: "the energy that dwells in sight, speech, thinking, knowing, cannot cease, because it is everlasting." Here is something very like the modern doctrine of the Conservation of Energy, as it was taught, let us say, twenty years ago: the thought that Force is a definite sum-total, eternally the same, from which nothing can be taken, to which nothing can be added; just as the sum total of matter was thought of as a constant, which could not be added to or diminished.

With this conception there went, nevertheless, a clear idea of evolution, of development, involving both force and matter; whether it was the evolution of cosmic or of organic forms, developing worlds, or developing forms of plant and animal life. Into these forms, whether cosmic or organic, was gathered a definite part of the great sum-total of substance and energy; and that definite part did grow, from the nebula to the star, from the egg to the chick, from the seed to the tree. Would it be true, then, to say that force and substance grow, when the star, the chick, the tree, grow? Yes, and no. The vesture, the form, into which both force and substance enter, grows; and, as the full grown world, or bird, or oak, that form, that vesture, holds more, both of force and substance, than did the nebular nucleus, the egg, the seed.

So is it, in the view of the Vedanta, if I rightly understand it, with the problem of the growth, the evolution, of consciousness. What develops, is not the abstract, ultimate Consciousness, just as it is not ultimate Matter or Force, as conceived by the doctrine of Conservation. What develops, is the form, the vesture in which consciousness is embodied; so that the consciousness of the sage contains a far larger measure of the Divine Consciousness than does the consciousness of the infant; than did the consciousness of the sage himself, when he was a baby, to take the simple case which is offered us by all our experience. More of the ultimate Consciousness is now embodied in him than when he was a baby. He is a larger incarnation of the mind and will of God.

The vestures of consciousness, in their ascending degrees, are described in several of the Upanishads, notably in the Mandukya.

They are the physical, the psychic and the causal bodies; corresponding to waking consciousness, dream, and the third consciousness which lies beyond dream. The consciousness of the ordinary waking self is revealed in the physical body; the consciousness of the dream self is revealed in the psychic body; the consciousness of the spiritual self is revealed in the causal body.

The ordinary waking consciousness of the physical self rests, of course, on the perceptions of the five senses, sight, hearing, touch, taste and smell, gathered together and governed by two subjective powers, which the Vedanta calls Manas and Buddhi. The meaning of Manas varies between feeling and thinking, but its essence seems to be, that it receives the reports of the senses and combines them, reporting to Buddhi, which pronounces judgments on the grouped pictures thus formed and presented to it. Buddhi thus contains something of intuition, something of will. It is the "inner determiner."

The whole of this complex of the senses, Manas and Buddhi is suffused with consciousness, thus forming the self of ordinary waking life. The essence of the ultimate Consciousness is present in the physical man down to the finger-tips; just as the essence of the ultimate Force and Matter are present; but not in their ultimate, abstract form; in such a form, rather, as is made possible by the character of the organic structure, the containing vesture.

The psychic body, the next in the series, is the body of dreams; of mind-pictures, that is, regarded by the dreaming consciousness. The Spirit of man is Creator, so far as the splendid power to paint mind pictures goes; whether these mind pictures be direct copies, color photographs, from nature, or composite pictures, made up of elements selected from many color photographs. The power to paint these pictures, to view them, to brood on them, is his; to put, indeed, such life and vigor into them, that they may become either an inspiration or an obsession. The power to view them, too, either framed in the things of waking life, when we are awake; or without their frames, when we go to sleep and dream.

Then natural man may thereupon take brush and colors, and copy these mind-pictures on canvas or, if it should so happen, on the walls of a limestone cavern; or he may take sounds and embody the mind pictures in words, and call them Hamlet or Marguerite. So, from this power of psychic life, arises art.

Science also; for what is a scientific generalization, but a composite mind photograph, expressed in words? What is a scientific law, but the same composite picture lit up by Buddhi, the determining power; seen, as we might say, in the light of the Divine Mind?

Science and art and history. If we look deeper, sin also. For we may so charge ourselves with mind pictures, let us say, of the energy of sex, that they obsess us, driving us utterly from Nature's clean and wholesome laws. Or we may so overload our minds with pictures of self-assertion and self-preservation, that they lose their natural use, and become obsessing egotism, ambition, cruelty, pride.

So with the development of the psychic man and his creative power, with the embodiment of consciousness in the psychic vesture, comes free creative power, the possibility of glory and of shame.

This is the vesture, the Vedanta, I think, would say, which, is the field of all mental, emotional and imaginative power, while we are yet

in the body. It is the subjective nature. And when the physical body falls away in death, the psychic vesture is the dwelling place of our consciousness. It is the psychic man thus constituted, who is active in the whole range of experiences, well known to ancient India, which are now the burning questions of our psychical research.

Of the next vesture, the causal body, less is said; but enough to let us see that it is the dwelling place of a much higher quality of consciousness, a consciousness much nearer to the Divine Mind and Will.

If we take what is said of Buddhi, as representative, first in the physical and then in the psychical man, of intuition and will, and regard this moral determining power as the pressure of the causal upon the psychic and physical; or, if you will, as the representative of the causal in the psychic and physical, we shall have, perhaps, a clue to the splendor of that high consciousness, when fully developed in its own vesture, the causal body. We shall see in it a consciousness resting in continuous inspiration, wide spiritual vision and spiritual power; a consciousness drawing its riches direct from the supreme inner source, the Divine Self of all beings.

The psychical man, therefore, is the field of our art, our science, our human, as opposed to our animal life. In the same way, we may say that the causal man is the field of our divine energies, making possible, in its full development, the supreme miracle of the incarnate divine Man, who visibly wields the powers of Divinity.

The Mandukya Upanishad suggests yet another, a fourth degree of consciousness; but it is so far above us, it so completely transcends our experience, that it is described only by negativing all limitations. We can only say that it is infinite Being, infinite Wisdom, infinite Bliss. It is the consciousness which is that final liberation, Nirvana, by the vision of which India has been inspired for milleniums. It is the consciousness of the Divine Man, no longer incarnate, but risen, ascended, re-become one with the Father. It is the consciousness of the very being of God.

This, then, it would seem, is the answer of the Vedanta to our question concerning the evolution of consciousness; an answer, both yes and no.

The Divine Consciousness, the ultimate Being, does not develop, any more than Space develops. Space, indeed, is one of the standing similes of that Consciousness which, like the vast room of the Universe, is omnipresent and eternal.

But while Consciousness does not develop, its vestures do develop; first, under natural law, as in the birth and growth of the physical man, culmination of so much precedent birth and growth; then in the psychical man, under the laws of mental and emotional growth, touched from above by moral and spiritual law, and suffused by creative power, by free will, the power which makes for glory or for shame; thirdly, under spiritual law, in the causal man, where free creative will has become one with the Divine Will, and we share the views and purposes of God. Thereafter

comes a further growth and development beyond our human ken; when the man, in our sense, is man no longer; knowing himself at last as Divine Mind, Divine Will, not other than the eternal Being of God Himself.

CHARLES JOHNSTON.

"Never shall we attain to perfect inward purity until we so watch over all the movements of our heart and all our thoughts, that scarcely anything escapes us of which we may not be able to render account to God, and which does not tend to His glory; so that in the space of eight days, for example, we should perform very few exterior actions or interior acts of which grace is not the principle; and if any exceptions occur, they should be owing simply to surprise, and last but a few moments, our will being so closely united to God that it represses them the instant it perceives them.

"It is seldom that we achieve a complete victory over our disorderly movements; scarcely ever do we so perfectly overcome any single one but there escapes something, or there remains something, either through want of attention, or for lack of a sufficiently vigorous resistance. Thus one of the greatest graces which God bestows upon us in this life, and which we ought most to beg of Him, is to be so watchful over our heart as that the least irregular movement shall not secretly arise in it without our perceiving it and immediately correcting it; for every day we are betrayed into a multitude of such which escape our observation."—Spiritual Doctrine: Lallement.

NORSE MYTHOLOGY

II.

THAT section of the Norse mythology, which we shall designate as the Drama of the Golden Age, has as its theme, the unceasing warfare waged by the gods against the Evil Powers, during the stretch of years when as incarnate visible rulers they walked and talked with men. Whether one reads it as solar myth, or translates it into terms of ethics and religion, it is still an absorbingly dramatic story in which are accurately reflected all the life and ideals of the primitive people of the North.

Nowhere are the common germs of all mythologies,—the personified sun, moon and stars, the fruitful earth and all natural phenomena more thoroughly imbued with local color, more definitely stamped with racial characteristics and standards. The ever recurrent triumph of darkness and cold, which holds the world in grip during the long winters, tended not only to cast the nature myths in tragic mould, but also to develop, through the enforced life of endurance and patience, a stubborn hardihood in the fibre of the people, and an ingrained trust in a future regeneration, so that the twin virtues of courage and faith became habits of the soul. Furthermore, since there in the grim North men had to cling together with a desperate tenacity, if life were to be tolerable, or even possible, amidst the constant threat of ice-bound seas, and raging tempests, the separate myths inevitably drew together into a centralized tragedy in which stoic endurance was exalted, honorable death welcomed as the door to liberation, and recompense for the bitter conditions without might be found in an inner life of peace.

No wonder that the trend given to their thought by such conditions diverged diametrically from that of the care-free Greeks who, surrounded by grace and beauty, produced those separate groups of lovely, lyric tales, each as free of all the others as were the independent Greek States; that we should find the golden winged fluttering Iris who paints the shimmering rainbow of the South metamorphosed into the Norse Heimdal, the patient guardian of the bridge between earth and heaven which is not merely the outer visible arc of prismatic color, but the "delicate vibrating way" over which only the pure of heart may pass, that his chief attributes are not beauty of form, nor loveliness of feature, but the patient intentness which so sharpened his ears that he could hear the grass sprouting in the fields, and the wool growing on the sheep, together with the dauntless courage which could stand against all the Powers of Evil, should they attempt to storm the delicate structure under his charge.

Adonis and Balder play like rôles in very similar myths of the Sun; yet the story of the young and rosy shepherd, reclaimed from death

for half the year by the enamoured Aphrodite, and that of the shining hero "without fear and without reproach" who is mourned unavailingly by his mother, Frigge, are the poles apart in feeling and ideal; the Norseman emphasizing not the North, the visible outer phenomenon of Winter's triumph over the Sun, but the inevitable destruction of purity and innocence through the power of blind knowledge when guided by the Spirit of Evil.

When we contrast the Norse Valhalla and its picture of the life there lived by gods and heroes, with the familiar concept of existence on the sunny heights of Mount Olympus, we have straightway epitomized the essential difference in the race ideal. Here is no graceful dalliance, but a stirring round of action. The gods partake of the miraculous life-giving food that they may straightway sally forth to deeds of high emprise; their hours of leisure are spent in a mimic battle one with another, a battle of friendly rivalry that shall increase their prowess and their hardihood. That there is an inner spiritual significance underlying the concrete stories is strongly hinted in many ways. Names used in the descriptions are significant, such as that of the miraculous kettle, elementary-fire, in which is prepared the daily feast, and that of the cook Andhrimna, or the Spirit; the sparkling mead which is their drink flows from the gracious animal Shining Heath, and is the very essence of tranquillity; while quite evidently the gods themselves are not only the personifications of Nature and the forces of Nature, but are the incarnation of their noblest thoughts and purest emotions, and as such worthy of their worship, as such demand our earnest consideration. The world in which they lived and moved is presented to us through the medium of a direct childlike vision, which made no hard and fast divisions between kingdom and kingdom, between fact and fancy. The whole universe to them was essentially one, and the field of the mythic play is transferred at will from the animal to the human world, or from the realm of plant and mineral to the regions of the planetary spirits.

In order to segregate and simplify the materials with which we are specifically concerned, the struggle between the gods and the Evil Powers, it is necessary to discard both the cosmogonical lays, which lead back into the misty distances of abstract speculation, and the specific hero-myths with their terra firma of semi-historical legends; legends which to the scholars of the last century seemed to rest on the foundation of an actual flesh-and-blood Odin, a barbarian from the Scythian forests, who fleeing before the genius of Pompey, subsequently marched victoriously northward and westward; leaving sufficient proof of his exploits and his dominion in name and custom and folk-tale. On this basis they conceived the entire edifice of Norse legend to have been reared, yet, at least to the satisfaction of the present generation, this historical Odin has been proved but a man of straw who instead of imparting life to the myths draws his very existence from the legendary tales.

With the main body of these hero stories we have been thoroughly

familiarized through fairy-tale and picture, through poetry and music; and under the chameleon-like variations, given by individual interpreters, it is still quite possible to distinguish the original mastermould, and to trace it to its original counterpart. Probably each one of us carries with him some deep-rooted conviction concerning these Northern heroes, which has been furnished him by one of those writers or musicians of the last generation, who discovered in the primitive grandeur of the Eddic Lays a mine of inspiration. We may know in our heart of hearts that a pre-Raphaelite like William Morris must in the nature of things prune and sweeten the rude notions of semi-barbarians past all recognition; that his interminable flowing lines swing us into a mood vastly different from that of the terse, staccato strophes of the old Icelandic tale; that his pictures of the joys of battle and of blood are as painstakingly elaborated, as conscientiously embroidered with half-obsolete words, as though they were an Arabesque pattern for a tapestry hanging, and that the heart of William Morris honestly thrilled not to the battle-cry of a vanished past, but to the new call of industrial betterment, and the incipient socialism of his time. Yet despite this knowledge if it be to him we owe our first introduction to Sigurd the Volsung, he will be indelibly printed upon our consciousness as the fair-haired youth who

> "Abideth with the Lymdale forest lords.
> In mighty honor holden and in love beyond all words."
> "In the woodland fray he fareth, and oft on a day doth ride
> Where the mighty forest wild-bulls and the lonely wolves abide."

Or perhaps it is Matthew Arnold who has introduced us to the sun-bright god and the mourning brothers in his poem of "Balder Dead," and willy-nilly, we must always twine the fearless hero about with words such as these:

> "For heaven was Balder born, the City of Gods
> And heroes, where they live in light and joy."
> or "When thou sangest Balder, thou didst strike
> Another note, and like a bird in spring
> Thy voice of joyance minded us of youth
> And wife and children and our ancient home."

however convinced we may be that they more nearly describe the modern Apostle of Sweetness and Light than the fearless Norse sun-god.

Possibly if our first impressions came through a child's devotion to the verses of Longfellow, we have really had a truer approach; though the gentle American would have quaffed blood from skulls with as slight a relish as either of the others, he had yet a simplicity and a directness which permitted him to versify such joys without the intrusive egotism

of self-conscious art, and thus to keep more closely to the spirit of the original.

But it is Wagner in his music dramas who has really rendered the names of the old Norse gods, of their war-maids, of dragon and dwarf, into household words holding a common significance; and though he freely chose his material from all that offered, or ruthlessly discarded according to fancy, yet the result is essentially true. We feel the thread of fate spun by the relentless Norns as inexorably as in the Poetic Edda itself; there is the irresistable force of primitive passions, the deification of rude strength and of high courage all borne home to us by the power of great music, to speak to us directly, free of time or place. To blur or blot out vulgarity is his licence; it is his privilege and his necessity if he would give us the essential poetic and spiritual truth and we have little to alter or regret if our conception of Odin the Alfadir, of the Valkyries, and of Siegfried, the predestined liberator, and of the Curse of Hoarded Gold has been given us by his penetrating genius.

Turning from the hero myths and discarding the cosmogonical lays, we are free to concentrate our attention on the great drama itself. It begins with the moment when "in time's morning" the guidance and control of the created universe is entrusted to Odin and the company of his sons; it progresses through all their hand-to-hand struggles against the Powers of Evil, and culminates in the overwhelming tragedy of Ragnarok, the Twilight of the Gods.

These Powers of Evil may be roughly separated into three grand-divisions, each waging a more or less independent war against the gods, though aiding and abetting each other as occasion demands. First and least dangerous, there are the water-spirits, or sea-vans, who are quickly and easily subdued and thereafter serves as allies, their permanent allegiance secured by an exchange of hostages. Secondly, there are the frost-giants, or Jotuns, Titanic beings, who typify the forces of inorganic matter, of darkness and cold and who are born of inertia, ignorance and sloth; inherently inimical from their very nature to the Gentle Powers of Light, their resistance is stubborn, unremitting, unending. It is the age-long struggle of spirit and matter, never to be ended till one or the other is finally slave.

In the battle with the third division of the Hostile Powers, the drama finds its chief significance, its main interest. This is the conflict with the god Loke, one of their own number, and an inmate of heaven, but nevertheless the very embodiment of spiritual evil. Through him the doom of Odin's hierarchy, foretold by the Vala as inevitable because of his partial descent from the old frost-giant, Ymer, and his consequent half-mortal origin, is hastened and fostered. Straightway it becomes a house divided against itself, which cannot hope to stand. The battle with the giants is little save a steady exchange of blows, brute strength matched against brute strength, but here the field of action is at once transferred

to another plane, and becomes the absorbing personal problem of every man "who feels two natures struggling within him."

Loke may be regarded objectively as the Ravening Flame, humanly as the uncontrolled passions, spiritually as the fallen angel. He is in essence a god, a true creative power, and at first wholly good in nature. His earliest appearance is under the name of Loder, that one of the Norse trinity who endowed man with "the rose-red color of life and the burning keenness of the senses," and who, his separate work accomplished, is then re-absorbed into the one person of Odin, the Spirit of the World. When he reappears as one of the characters in the great drama, the separation from his brother is already complete and irrevocable; he is a rebel against the dominion of the spirit, and acknowledges no law save himself.

The other gods act either under or in conjunction with the Alfadir, are mere attributes of his being, specialized and segregated into independent entities merely that they may more freely and fully carry out his behests; his strength, embodied in Thor, thus becomes self-propelled, self-transmitted, creative; eloquence and poetry are entrusted implicitly to his son Brage, "one whose lips are risted runes;" Forsette is the visible personification of his justice; Loke is not a son, but a brother, coeval with Odin, and though false, treacherous and jealous, is yet a high-god, a creative force, not to be spared from the ranks of the heavenly company. He embroils them in quarrels, ensnares them with deceits, betrays them to their foes; but for the solution of the difficulties in which he involves them, they are forced to turn to the author of the mischief, for he is the embodiment of inventive cunning, and without him they are helpless. By superior strength and by their unity, they may force him to do their bidding, but he is endowed with the same measure of immortality as are they themselves, and destroy him they cannot.

In the first stages of the drama, they are amply able to control the situation, for Loke is but one against many, and though he is a constant source of annoyance, he is not regarded as a grave danger. But with the discovery that he is no longer alone, but that in the depths of "that forest which is of iron, hard and barren, and through which flies the storm eagle, playing on his harp the melody of the tempest" the hag, Angerbode, the Anguish-Boding, is rearing him a brood of three monster children, he becomes at once a very threatening menace. When Odin at last is made aware of the danger, he forthwith drags them forth to the light and passes judgment upon them. One, the Midguard-Serpent, he casts into the depths of the ocean, where it continues to grow prodigiously till it encircles the whole earth and tail in mouth, lies there a circle of disaster for all who sail the uncharted seas. Not till the day of doom shall his spell be loosed, when he shall issue forth to join forces with the host of Evil Powers. The second monster, the pale and livid giantess, called Hel, is relegated to the realm of shades, where she is given dominion over nine worlds of death; though not over those heavens of brightness and glory whither the blameless heroes who fall in battle are borne by the winged

war-maidens. Her rightful subjects are pale shapes of fear, without substance or reality, and those forms of sin too heavy to be borne aloft. In the lowest pit of all is her palace, called Anguish, guarded by the dog, Veracity, "with bloody breast and slaughter-craving throat"; her table is Famine, the waiter Slowness and Delay, and her bed is Care. There she must abide till she too is summoned forth to the final conflict.

Last of all, the young Fenris wolf, a fierce, strong young thing, with a snarling courage of bestial appetites and all the lust of animal strength, is summoned from his lair in the iron wood; him, Odin admitted to the sacred precincts of Asgard, to be fostered and trained by the gods themselves. Under the guardianship of Tyr the Strong, he grew and ranged at will till his enormous size and strength struck terror to the hearts of all, and he was neither to hold nor to bind; chain after chain he snapped in bits, till at length from the Dark Elves, the tiny creatures who tend the fires within the earth, and tuck the metals into the veins of the rocks, the gods obtained a magic cord. It was woven from many mere nothings, such as the breath of fish, the roots of mountains, and the foot-fall of cats. It was pliable and slender as a silken thread, but once it was fast about the monster by no possible effort could he free himself, and he was safely lashed to a rock, till the crash of doom should break his bonds, too, asunder.

His three children, being thus all imprisoned or in chains, the gods were free to devote their entire attention to Loke himself. From the sly malicious tricks of the early days, he had grown in insolence to the point of open revolt. In the palace of the storm king, he had hurled defiance at them all, assailing each in turn with taunt and libel; from that moment forward, he had become an avowed outlaw, living the ever-watchful sleepless life of the hunted, till at length endeavoring to escape, under the guise of a slippery salmon, he was captured in a net of his own devising. Then he too was bound Prometheus-like on the face of a precipice while above his head was fastened a reptile to spew venom-drops on his upturned face; and although these drops are patiently caught in a cup by his untiring wife, the few which do fall upon him produce such torture that his agonized writhing convulses the whole world, and it is upheaved in earthquake and volcano; but free himself he cannot, till his bonds are loosed in the final cataclysm.

Yet, despite the imprisoning and enchaining of all the definitely embodied Evils, the Twilight of the Gods is not long to be postponed. Ultimate death is the heritage of all the sons of the old frost-giant Ymer, and among these sons are numbered all the company of Odin, as well as all the Evil Powers. The gradual waning of the Asa-might, the god-like power, is profoundly drawn throughout the entire drama. One by one they part with their divine attributes, till in the supreme need, when once again all the Powers of Evil are loosed against them they are but a maimed and withered company. Balder, the blameless sunbright god, is already dead through the blind trust of the blind Hoder in the guileful

Loke; Tyr the Strong has sacrificed his good right hand to the binding of the Fenris-wolf, Frey has parted with his trusty sword that he might win Gerda for his wife, and Thor's hammer of strength is inadequate because of its short handle. There is scarce one of the company who has not in some manner deprived himself of an important means of defense; the seeds of disruption and disintegration lay in their very nature and have but borne their fruit in due season.

As the day of doom draws near it is heralded by signs and portents. There are ages of crime and terror, in which

> "Brothers slay brothers
> Sisters' children shed
> Each other's blood.
> Hard is the world,
> There are sword ages, ax ages,
> And men no longer spare
> Or pity one another."

Then comes the dread Fimbul-winter, when snow falls without ceasing, from the four corners of the world, and black frost holds the earth in grip; three like winters following without a single summer, for the sun can impart neither gladness nor warmth. Wars and rumors of wars spread and increase till at length with the noise of thunder comes the crash of doom. Then is the world convulsed, trees are torn from their roots, tottering mountains fall from their foundations, sun and moon are swallowed by Fenris, and his sister-wolf and heaven itself is rent in twain. At the resounding blast, which Heimdal winds of the dread Gjallerhorn, all the opposing forces rally to the fight. Undaunted the gods and heroes rush forth to the fray, Odin riding ahead, his golden helmet shining, his mighty spear flashing aloft. All know the end has come, and joyously they gather to claim their right to death in glorious combat. Over against them are ranged the Hostile Powers: the fire-flashing Fenris-wolf, whose cavernous jaws stretch from earth to heaven; the Midguard-serpent writhing in giant rage, filling the air with floods of venom; the pale company of Hel, drifting aimlessly about, powerless in the day of deeds to either help or hinder.

Through the riven sky come the Sons of Muspel, the flashing spirits from the highest world of fire; Surt, Angel of the Flaming Sword, rides in advance, about him pillars of flame, his blade outshining the very sun. The delicate vibrating Bridge is shattered to bits by the fury of the charge, as cohort after cohort dashes to the field of battle.

A mighty battle ensues for the gods and the enemies of the gods are meeting in a death grapple, universal, world embracing; fire, water, darkness and death fight together to destroy the order and harmony of the world. The evil annihilates the good, the good destroys the evil, till at length naught remains but a vast field of carnage, over which Surt, who

had "in time's morning" showered sun and moon and the spark of life from his sword again brandishes it aloft, and flinging fire and flame abroad destroys all vestige of his own creation. It is the complete reduction of the visible tangible world to nothingness; it is the end of the cycle, the tragic close of the Drama of the Golden Age, the fore-ordained moment when,

"Smoke wreathes around the all-nourishing tree. Trembles Yggdrasils' Ash, high flames play against the heavens, and earth consumed sinks beneath the sea."

Nothing remains save darkness on the face of the waters, and the imperishable forces which must lie dormant and hidden till the day of regeneration shall usher in a new cycle; but of that all that is told is in the prognostication of the Vala, and we can well close once again with her prophetic words:

"A new earth, beauteously green,
From ocean shall arise;
Again the golden tablets
In the grass are found;
Hoder and Balder
The heavenly gods
Again shall come,
All evil be amended.
Then shall another come
More mighty still
But him I dare not name.
Few further forward
Care to look
Than to that time
When Odin meets the Wolf."

ANNE EVANS.

THE TWIN DOCTRINES AND SOCIAL UNREST

THE Twin Doctrines may seem a long way removed from such up-to-the-minute questions as forcible picketing, women suffrage, should children be punished, divorce and public playgrounds. These questions are all forms of social unrest. Brought by Fate into almost synchronous contact with these manifestations and many more, to a student of Theosophy the query came: What would be the effect if Reincarnation and Karma were believed by the people generally in America to-day as they were believed in by the people generally in the days of Egypt's greatness? Would there be so much unrest and turmoil?

This question was particularly emphasized when an attempt was made to get at the bottom of a big strike—one of the biggest of the past year. The student went out to investigate it. He stayed to help end it. Thus he was brought into intimate contact with all sides—employers, strikers, politicians, humanitarians, and the public in general. Fifteen thousand workers—men and women and children of legal age; representing nearly thirty national groups; speaking a dozen or more languages—had walked out one afternoon. They had stayed out for weeks. They did not know why they had struck. They were literally unable to give specific reasons for the strike. They made demands, but these were advanced subsequent to the calling of the strike. The strikers did manifest class-consciousness. They rallied to the support of a Cause. They suffered for it. They would have fought for it had a single leader of sufficient recklessness stepped forward. They resorted to violence in a disorganized sort of a way. Their violence was expressed in attacks upon people entering and leaving the works during the progress of the strike. There was sufficient violence to overawe local authorities. It proved necessary to call in State authorities. The display of force brought peace. Workers given protection returned to work. When enough had gone back, those still out called off the strike. They were beaten, but they do not yet understand why. They are still feeling bitter.

During the height of the strike speakers talked eloquently of "Brotherhood." It appeared almost in the same sentences with denunciations of other classes. Pleas to love one's brothers were coupled with appeals to use force against members of other classes. The chief manifestation of class-consciousness may be said, without bias, to have been a very definite class-hatred of all other classes. This was not surprising. There had been more than twenty years of propaganda and political organization. This had culminated in the organization of a "co-operative

union," cutting across trades lines. In this union a fifteen year old boy or an eighteen year old girl had equal voice and vote with the expert mechanic or the father of a family. The organization was avowedly that of a pure democracy—something like a New England town meeting, but without its responsible moderator, clerk and selectmen. When the time came for action the leaders could not handle the pure democracy. It suddenly appeared to them as a mob. When they were convinced the strike should be called off they were afraid to say so. They had preached emotionally. They were afraid to advise reasonably.

It is perhaps more than a coincidence that the strike immediately followed a great religious revival with noted evangelists, brass bands and a tabernacle especially constructed. This building was used for the strike meetings. It is also interesting to note that the effect of the revival was considered to have ended when individuals expressed themselves as converted. There was no direction given to the force created. There was no immediate putting to work of the energies stimulated. The revival and the strike were not unlike in their effect. Neither brought home to the individual the necessity, or even the possibility, of applying aroused energy in persistent, definite work.

The one clear, definite note of the strike was a demand for "rights." What these "rights" were was not easily discerned by those who demanded them. So far as the strikers expressed their ideal it savoured of covetousness—even of envy, hatred and malice. There was not even a comparison of their own past lot with their present lot. There was an entire unwillingness to compare their present lot with anything that could practically be achieved. The only comparison resorted to was with the physical comforts of the "capitalistic class" and it was generally claimed that every worker had a right to all these comforts.

On the other side some of the employers were as interesting in their limitations. They too talked much about "rights." They too manifested uncharitableness. There was no use or misuse of the word "Brotherhood." For this was substituted as a symbol of unity "organized society."

The politicians balanced voting strength. From this count of heads they took their stand. Publicly they talked in favor of the strike and the strikers. Privately they tried to end the strike anyhow or anyway—so long as they were supposed to be friends of the men with votes.

The humanitarians were the most interesting of all the groups. They were in a position to lead. Instead they talked. They sympathized tenderly with "the poor men and women out of work." Their cry was: "End the strike or you are cruel." Their only idea of ending it was to give the strikers whatever they wanted. Even the employers had failed to recognize that this particular strike was not a matter of dollars-and-cents bargaining, but was a manifestation of class-consciousness definitely engaged in an attack upon the social order as it is established today. The strike, therefore, was beaten the day it started. The strikers had tried to overthrow in a day a system built by the centuries. The business depres-

sion of the year would in itself, however, have made it impossible to yield to the strike. It would not have been practicable for either of these reasons to grant the demands for the restoration of men laid off; for an eight hour day; and for the transfer of established discipline to the union; for this was a legitimate interpretation of the form of the demand for the recognition of this particular union.

The pity of it all was that there was so much good sentiment wasted in emotionalism and false reasoning. The speeches on "Brotherhood" were eloquent and touching. They were so biased by prejudice and slander as to be shocking. The strikers had no sense whatsoever of duty. The employers were equally lacking in any consciousness of obligation. No one anywhere seemed to feel personally responsible toward another—it was "rights," "rights," "rights." The union was fetish. The strike was a holy rite. Few of the strikers had any other religious conviction or faith. Their leaders taught them that organized religion was a "capitalistic" scheme to enslave them and to keep them happy slaves in ignorance of their "rights." The humanitarians boasted that they were not "narrowly religious." Oh! no—they were narrow only in their attitude toward others. They placed no limitations upon themselves. They placed narrow limitations upon such others as did not do what the humanitarians thought should be done, and done only in their particular way.

Take as an example their attitude toward one big, wise employer. He had a fatherly feeling for his employees. Not a patronizing attitude, but a paternal one. He felt his fiduciary responsibility to his stockholders, but he also looked into the future to see what would be the ultimate effect upon his employees. He knew that he could not yield victory, or even a semblance of victory, to a cause united only to overthrow existing society. He had his responsibility as a citizen. There might be momentary hardship all around, but that would be better than the class-hatred which, if surrendered to, might precipitate a bitter class war in that great manufacturing district, through class-hatred having proved profitable to those practising it. This one man weighed, balanced and studied the situation, and was unmoved by pressure or abuse.

He was a fine figure to those impartially minded, but how was he regarded by the philanthropists, settlement house and social workers, and the whole party of sympathetic sentimentalists? They hated him! They called him "a brute, exercising brutal power." They warned him that he was forcing his people to violence. They did not say that violence was wrong. They merely said that if he persisted in his attitude violence would follow.

Is not this attitude essentially the same as that of a charming young married woman in a fashionable city suburb, who stopped a gentleman in the street on his way to his train to say—"Excuse me, but are you not Mr. John Doe"? Receiving a polite affirmative she went on in pretty eagerness to say: "Is it true, Mr. Doe, that you beat your little children?" Doe stared for a moment in amazed silence. The lady, for she is a lady—

alas!—went on: "I have only just moved here and I have been told that you beat your children. I can't believe it. You don't look like that kind of a man." Doe rallied: "I do," he answered solemnly, "whenever I think they need it, and I am only afraid that I am not kind enough, and not wise enough to do it often enough."

Color flamed into pretty cheeks, clear eyes clouded with unshed tears and a proud little head was thrown back—"I cannot believe it—that you, who seem to be a gentleman, should use your great brute strength and power to beat a helpless little, little child. But if you are telling the truth I warn you that I shall try to get proof of it and shall swear out a warrant against you, and I hope the Judge will send you to prison to teach you a lesson in humanity, and to give a warning to others who dare to strike little children."

Poor Doe is a widower and is doing his best. He admitted afterwards that it was a mistake to have attempted an argument, but he said "the little woman was so much in earnest that I did want to set her straight for once." He started in telling her quite simply of his own bringing up and how he rejoiced in its iron discipline and unquestioning obedience, insisted upon, and enforced by whipping. He told her frankly that his one criticism of his childhood training was that he had not been whipped enough either as to severity or frequency. He closed the presentation of his case by alluding to the fact that strict discipline for children was the result of a great many centuries of human experience. The interview was closed with the reply, "Yes, and look at the result! It has made such brutes out of men like you that you glory in beating little children."

Doe literally does not know at what moment he may be hailed into court to furnish yellow journals with a sensational story of how a respectable child-beater has at last received his deserts.

But what has all this to do with Reincarnation and Karma? it may be asked. Is it not fair to say that in striker, humanitarian, and pædophilist alike, we find an amorphous consciousness of an essential unity—yes, of "brotherhood." Each would call this a definite, crystallized concept. This I challenge. There is no definite goal in what they are struggling after. Analysis to fundamentals would show each works for some form of increased physical, creature comfort. Suppose, for instance, that the workers suddenly got five times more pay—would they not soon be twenty-five times more unhappy? They would contrast their new lot with the lot of others still more comfortably fixed. Disappointed in the discovery that creature comfort had not brought happiness, they would not apply the discovery, but would be more than ever convinced that still more comfort would be the only way to happiness. There seems to be a heap of occult wisdom in the old story of "Flounder, flounder by the Sea" and the fisherman's wife. It will be recalled that the Flounder King desired to satisfy her wants. She got what she wished for. Finally she lost everything, because as her desires were filled they grew until she asked to

be God—without first having earned the right even to share His consciousness.

The humanitarians, the strikers, the women's rights workers, all the forces of modern social unrest, have no real goal. They seek nothing definite beyond the immediately physical. How can they, if they believe in a single lifetime, or, still more usual, reject even this as untrue, while substituting nothing else? If man has only one life out of eternity, why blame him for trying to get what seems to him to be the things immediately worth while. If there be only one life there is injustice in the world. We ought to combine to fight injustice. If there be only one life the class-consciousness expressed in class-hatred is defensible. So, too, the pretty young woman, who wishes to prosecute a paternal disciplinarian for whom she has no responsibility, may be excused if she has only one life to live and wishes to gratify her unthinking love of children and her unconscious desire to make herself prominent while there is time.

Let us suppose, however, in contrast, that the soul or ego, has chance after chance to rise—to achieve real happiness. With this would go a system of accounting, so to speak, or a building up of results good and bad. There might be lost ground this time on earth—well—next time it could be worked off. This is Karma. The very wording of the explanation may explain why the Church, by a slender majority, voted against the Twin Doctrines. They are held today by more than a majority of the religious people on earth. The Doctrines were generally accepted when the Christian religion was founded. They were generally held by the Church until officially banned. The majority which banned them contained a very large party which believed the Doctrines, but which thought they should not be taught publicly and generally. It was feared that the doctrine of Reincarnation would make people less responsible instead of more responsible. The threat of eternal penalty was believed to be more potent as a driving force than the desire to please God. Personally this savors to me of a belief in the superior efficacy of hate over love. I do not believe it! I believe that love is, as recently described in an "Elementary Article" in this magazine, "the power, and the only power that rules the Universe."

Let us see how this would apply in the case of industrial relations, and whether it would tend to prevent strikes and to give employers and employees a greater sense of their own responsibility: Suppose the workers accepted as a fact that right here and now, in just the circumstances surrounding them, they could learn the next secret of life, the current lesson, so to speak—would they not return to the old standards of duty and obligation and faithful service? It does not seem possible that they would then scamp work to preach hatred, if they were driving hard to "make good" in their class. The employers, on the other hand, would see that it was their duty and their opportunity to make good as employers. That they today feel unconsciously this call is illustrated by the fact that so many of them plunge into humanitarianism and philan-

thropy, not appreciating that their opportunity for learning their lesson may well lie in the particular business circumstances in which they are placed.

Many of the Socialists charge that the economic situation of the present day is feudal in the relations between employers and employees. There is some truth in this. The modern business organization is distinctly hierarchial. Where it breaks down, it breaks down at the same point that proved the weakness of the old feudal system. When duty to God and King and service for his Lady ceased to move the feudal lord, he yielded to selfishness and began to oppress those below him. On the other hand, when lack of faith in God and failure to realize that faithful service is one form of worship of God infected the people generally, selfishness began to dominate them and they aided in the destruction of the feudal system. The lord found himself relieved of responsibility for the well-being of unfaithful retainers. The retainers found themselves relieved from the exactions and petty tyrannies of their over-lords. Each side gained over the condition under decadent feudalism. Each side, however, was worse off than it had been in the days of virile, God fearing, and God serving feudalism.

Today business feudalism, so far as it exists, has all the faults of decadent feudalism with the addition of a lack of sense of obligation on either side.

If Reincarnation and Karma were held in faith by the people, we would hear no more of the preaching of class-hatred. Employees would feel ashamed of not making good in their work. Employers would feel ashamed if they failed to keep their employees happy, contented and comfortable. There would be such mutual trust that the worst brutalities of modern business could be avoided. Employers would no longer refuse to increase pay in prosperous times, because they would know that they could reduce pay when business was depressed. There would be a sharing of risk and profit and it would be quite possible to maintain a force of men year in and year out.

Each man of whatever degree would work with a sense of opportunity to do his best in his particular lot. He would no longer despise the man below him nor feel bitter envy of the man above him. Each man would strive to earn promotion in the service of the Master. It should be remembered that in accepting the Twin Doctrines it is essential that they be applied, as they were applied in Egypt, and in India today, as merely part of the Path to the great happiness that comes from consciousness of that Rallying Love embodied in the flaming heart of the Master.

The modern rationalist advocating "pure democracy" may object to this idea, because it involves an acceptance of class distinctions—well, what of it? Does not nature recognize class distinctions? That great strike pretended not to recognize class distinctions, yet it distinguished between the abilities of men to lead. It distinguished also between its

own "class" and all others. In fact it seems demonstrable that Socialism is restoring caste to this country as nothing else has ever done, and restoring caste in one of its worst forms.

Think of what would be gained by bowing to Nature's Law of Order and falling into step with evolution. Your friend loses his wife: Shall he blame God or praise him; shall he either weaken or harden; or shall he strengthen, and fight forward to seek to fit himself for a real reunion—not some flabby, unreal, melodramatic, harp-playing without purpose in chorus—but a real reunion in work, and hope, and love? Sorrow, your friend will; sorrow, your friend should—for that is part of the opportunity of the lesson of death. But not in bitterness, and never in self-indulgence—nor in selfish grief. He will be more tender if he realizes that love removes all barriers and that doing his duty in obedience and faith and courage will lead to a reunion.

Let us go back to Doe and the modern Portia and see what would be the effect upon them if they were to believe in the Twin Doctrines. Doe does punish his children, but he does so in love and because he is convinced that centuries of accumulated human experience count for more than a sudden new fad that children should be allowed to "grow unhampered in their temperamental development." Should not Doe credit God with at least as much love and wisdom and firmness as he himself displays? If he does this it would seem logical for him to expect that God is going to give him chance after chance just as he gives his own children, and that what he takes as hardship and sorrow and pain in his own life is merely a variety of the same enforced guidance that he gives his children in love when he punishes them.

Take Portia: As Doe describes her she is very fascinating when she lets herself be a real woman instead of being a poor substitute for a male policeman. Let us credit her with sincerity according to her present beliefs. She undoubtedly does think that she is loving and wise when she gives her time, and strength, and energy in the effort to mind other people's business. Suppose Portia believed in Reincarnation and Karma, might she not see that interfering in other people's business, and homes, and lives is self-indulgence for her? Might she not regard the necessity to kill down the desire to so meddle as one of her opportunities in this life. Personally I should think that she would be afraid that God would give her her own way next time and would separate her (for a time only—for God is more merciful than we deserve) from those with whom she is grouped in love and set her to mind other people's business—when she does not want to!

Suppose Portia should say that this is too negative and should ask for something more positive than advice not to interfere with other people—how about her own home—her family and her own children? She thinks she is wise enough to regulate other people's children. Is it not possible that God is wise enough to regulate all children and that he has given her her chance in her own home. This particular Portia happens to

have children, but there are other charming regulators of other people's lives who have no children of their own. How would a belief in Reincarnation and Karma affect them? Might they not decide that for some reason they were being given an opportunity to serve someone entirely untrammeled and would they not look carefully for the closest duty, and the harder it was welcome it the more?

I know a charming girl whose mother is by no means a happy woman. This girl regrets that a sense of impelling duty to become a trained nurse has obliged her to leave her mother to loneliness with strangers. Were she a believer in the Twin Doctrines would she not think that her opportunity for service was in the most tender care of her mother? It may be, such is the modern point of view, that she does not regard her mother as congenial! What of it? Does not that rather increase her opportunity for making good Karma?

When I see some of those clean-faced, firm-featured, well-groomed, and gaily-gowned ladies who preach socialism or suffrage, or demand a place in public affairs, I wonder if they would not prefer the more obscure, but possibly greater happiness to be found in their own homes, or in immediate personal circumstances, if they accepted the Twin Doctrines as laws of life. There is a stimulating side to these doctrines in making the overcoming of temptation—however subtle—a victory like unto a triumph in war—and is life not a fight?

I do not ignore the good that many of these women do. Yet it is worth wondering if this good balances the evil done by or through, or because of the many women trying to take the place of men. Take, for example, the case of a woman of international reputation, regarded as a saint by many, and recognized as a leader in philanthropic, political, sociological, and labor circles. The side of her which is like the old-fashioned saint has done good. She unquestionably has cared for a great many unfortunate young women. She has helped a great many of them to physical betterment and there is a strong chance that she has helped many of them spiritually. But there is a would-be-man side of her which may explain the fact that from her work has emanated more bitterness, class-hatred, and unreasoning unrest than from almost any other single center in this country. May it not be that she is like a locomotive with one of its connecting rods broken loose and thrashing around like a flail in the hands of a malignant giant. I know of no great woman saint who has preached hatred and bitterness. Yet women saints have remade kingdoms and captained armies. Were there ever gentler gentlewomen, ladies more feminine and dainty, than St. Catherine and the priceless, peerless Maid of Orleans?

A young girl was soon to be married to a man to whom her father and brothers had interposed fruitlessly strong objections. Her grandmother, who came on for the wedding, asked the bride-to-be if she were not afraid to set her inexperienced judgment against that of men who loved her dearly.

"Why no," came the answer, "if I have made a mistake I can get a divorce."

This is a very modern and not unusual point of view. Almost all of us have known of couples who when disagreeing have thought and talked of divorce as a remedy for marital unhappiness. If a belief in the Twin Doctrines were held by such young women might they not regard their fathers and brothers as means specially designed for their protection or training? If once married would not believers in these doctrines accept the step they had taken and endeavor strenuously to make their marriages successful?

Perhaps it may be found helpful to consider our modern problems by this test of courageous, patient and loving acceptance of the exact circumstances in which we find ourselves placed as individuals, families, groups, and so on up to nations and races. But if we seek to limit the Twin Doctrines to mere mind formulas we will find little satisfaction. To get strength, power and help through them must we not treat them as additional means of reaching to the Master? In other words is there any other way of finding happiness in life than through discipleship?

Applying the theosophic method, as set forth, for example, in Professor Mitchell's "Theosophy and the Theosophical Society" will it not help us to seek for points of agreement. If, instead of taking sides we were to study the great social and political problems in the light thrown by the Twin Doctrines and their logical conclusion, Discipleship, would we not find in the obedience and effort and joy, such happiness and peace as nothing material, whether it be money or legislation, may bring?

G. M. McKlemm.

"God will fairly flood your life, with all the power He can trust you to use wholly for Him.—S. D. Gordon.

WHY I JOINED THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

FOR many years religion had been with me a matter of outward form, church-going a more or less regular observance of something which it was the thing to do, prayer a succession of vain repetitions and demands that the things which I thought I and others needed, be granted. Sometimes there was a vague stirring of emotion which it was easy to think of as real spiritual experience, but there was no real inner life and no real desire for it—nothing but a cast-iron rigidity of belief in the literal interpretation of a few fundamental facts which I had learned as a child; nothing but a surface appreciation of the beauty of certain words and passages and verses which had never really held for me any deeper hidden meaning, and an absolute impatience with and intolerance of any new interpretation or seeking or thinking. And of course at the first great and real need of life, and under stress and strain, the outer walls which I had built up so carefully to support such an inner attitude, surveyed as they were with the wrong measuring-stick and composed of the wrong materials, first cracked and then swayed and finally collapsed.

About this time I had a great deal of experience with illness and doctors, and finally, four years ago, the opportunity of observing the methods of a physician who used hypnotic suggestion in the treatment of nervous troubles, and used it in a very unusual and spiritual way in an effort to reach truly the inner life of the patient. I became very much interested, through the things which I saw him accomplish and through others of which I heard, first in the whole question of hypnotic therapeutics, and then in the larger aspect of that whole question—as to how those inner forces worked which these doctors were always striving to untangle and set free in order to effect their cures. I read a number of books by French and German specialists, talked with various doctors here, became interested in the Emmanuel Movement, and through that more than ever in the exact nature of that inner power which brought about these outward transformations. Then followed a period of delving into Mental Science, and also to some extent into Christian Science and Spiritualism, and I gradually became more and more absorbed in the whole question of psychical research and read much on that subject. I was very much struck with the epilogue to F. W. H. Myers' *Human Personality,* containing as it did for me a first hint of a stupendous scheme of thought, of an infinitely broad conception of the world of the

spirit; but I was the most impressed by William James' *Varieties of Religious Experience.*

This book seemed to draw together all the threads which had been lying loose in my mind, and to begin to weave them together into some sort of fabric. I felt then that the power behind these remarkable conversions must be the same power which effected the physical and mental cures in which I had been so much interested and must also lie back of all the psychic phemonena. But exactly how all these things were interrelated, how to trace them still further back and to bring them all together I did not know, and I could not seem to find out. Up to that time all the steps of my reading and investigation and thinking had followed along in fairly rapid and seemingly quite logical order. One book had led through its references quite naturally to another, in what seemed to me at the time a very remarkable way, and things in my own life and in the lives of people near to me had all helped to aid progress and to open up new avenues which had led to greater light. But now I seemed to come up against a solid wall that barred further progress along these old lines of investigation. After battering myself against it for a while it was borne in on me that I was not meant to go on in these old ways any longer; that when the proper time came the road would be clear again, and that what I was meant to do just then was to apply in service as much as I had been able to learn; to stop groping and thinking and analyzing, and to learn to feel more deeply and to live more truly; to let this power of which I was at last acutely conscious take absolute possession of me and work out its will in me, and to trust that through the working out still further light and growth would come.

And then I began to find new meanings in the heart of old words, a new inspiration in the church service, a new vision of the larger meaning of life and living in the words of a friend who was one of a group of people all members of the Theosophical Society. Through this friend came the opportunity to take part in some measure in the work which he and this group were doing, and through him and through this work to know others of this group. Through them came a realization of the true meaning of brotherhood and service, an understanding of how the doing of the little things of every day may be made beautiful and consecrated by doing them always as unto Him, of what the constant sense of the presence of the living Master may mean in a life, of the heights of self-sacrifice and helpfulness and vision to which it may lead. I really knew very little about the Theosophical Society at that time, but it was plainly the source from which these people all drew their inspiration, and I wanted this same inspiration more than I had ever wanted anything in my life before, for myself and for others. I attended five or six meetings of the Society, became interested in new aspects of the talk and discussion which went on at them, and received all the while constant help in the ways in which I had desired it so much, and feeling at last that through earnest effort and desire there was very much more to be added

than I had before dreamed of and that through the Society would come the wider knowledge and wisdom which would include all the things I had wanted over the last few years, I made my application for membership.

A. R. C.

I have been asked to write a short article on "Why I joined the Theosophical Society," but theosophy has come to mean so much to me that it is doubtful if I can separate the reasons why I joined from those which lead to my remaining a member. Analyzing motives is also difficult in the face of the gratitude I feel for the inspiration that has come through its fellowship and teachings.

Theosophy was first brought to my attention by a very charming, cultured woman, who had enjoyed the privilege of membership under Mr. Judge's leadership. It is possible my joining the society at the time I did was prompted by selfishness, but this selfishness, if so it can be called, lay in the fact that it brought to my attention many things heretofore unknown and undreamed of, and at that time in life I was curious and wanted to know and find out the why of everything. This attitude of mind, however, soon turned into one of admiration and earnestness,—admiration for the objects which the society stands for and tries to inculcate into life,—brotherhood and power for good—and earnestness in my endeavor to carry out my share in the great scheme of life to which I had been introduced through Theosophy. For I then learned and realized as I never had before that even so small an embodiment of life as I represented had its place in the great whole; that I was a necessary part to the evolution of the world, not only for what life offers for my own development, but to give the best that I could for help in the development of the whole. Only by giving of what we have can we make room for what is better.

For many years I had been hoping to find in the religion of my family and friends the answers to questions which were puzzling me,—questions as old as the world—Why does life seem to hold more for the few than for the great majority? How can I prepare myself for eternity in a life of the regulation three score years and ten? What is the use of it all if some whom I know and love are condemned and lost while others have eternal life? These questions and others were unanswerable until worked out reasonably through the universal laws that Theosophy revealed.

The great law of cause and effect, or Karma, answered the first question satisfactorily to my mind. "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." Whatever causes I, myself, set in motion, I must be concerned in the result; on no one else can the blame fall. The life of each one of us is so inextricably interwoven with that of others through this law, that we are brought face to face with our duty to our neighbor, and the query "Am I my brother's keeper?" becomes at once a command to be heeded.

Closely connected with this law is another even more beneficent—of reincarnation; beneficent because it allows the working out of the law of cause and effect by giving the opportunity of meeting those with whom our lives are interwoven and allowing us to set right any wrong which we may have done them. It also gives us time and opportunity to continue and finish such good as we have started. This law of reincarnation answered my second question, *i. e.,* whether one life is not too short in which to prepare for eternity.

The main object of the society—Brotherhood—contains the answer to all three questions, for it traces its beginning to God, the Father of all mankind, which tie binds us all together and from which we cannot escape.

In answering these questions where Christianity seemed inadequate, theosophy did me the further service of showing that if Christianity were rightly understood, it would in no sense be antagonistic to theosophy. It also taught me that Theosophy would clarify and supplement the teachings of Christianity with reasonable authentic explanations.

I joined the Theosophical Society because as I understood its presentation, it seemed to me to furnish a reasonable basis for living. I remain in it because it has taught and still teaches me that I, myself, am the reason. This is not egotistical; it is the great Universal Self to which I refer. The struggles brought by life seem no longer stumbling blocks, but rather opportunities which the clear light of Theosophy teaches me are so many lessons to be learned and understood. They are not punishments sent for misdeeds; they are rather the results of deviations from the path of inexorable Divine law, their elimination resting with me and such progress as I may make in following the law. When I have learned to live without friction, accepting whatever comes with calmness and self-control, without fear of the future, then I am becoming the law itself, and am able to help those who may have the same troubles which I encountered. I am then living Brotherhood, by making Theosophy a living power. This contains all that makes life worth living, for after all no one, no matter how selfish or material he may seem to be or think he is, cares to live for himself alone—he must have some object to make life worth while; and to my way of thinking there can be no object which could take the place of working for the whole race of humanity embodied in the word Brotherhood, which includes all lesser ethical works, or aims.

B. L. G.

Twenty-one years ago I was one of a group of seven that started an investigation of religious questions other than those afforded by the church. We met frequently and compared notes, turning our attention in succession to Ingersoll, the Psychical Research Society's work, spiritualistic phenomena, materialistic science, and lastly to Theosophy. All of the investigators felt benefited by their experience. Four turned to the Eastern teachings as affording the most light, one got lost in the mazes

of Spiritualistic Phenomena, two held to their church but studied Theosophy, and the writer joined the Society.

I, like all the others, during our investigations, had to face seeming complexities in the Christian Religion and the teaching concerning the Christian Master. My lot was not so difficult as that of the others, however, in that I had never in my life doubted the immortality of the Soul, and from early childhood had always had a deep and abiding faith and interest in Jesus. My objects in starting the investigation originally were among other things, to obtain, if possible, a clearer and more satisfactory understanding of Jesus and his teaching. Thus, while seeking for light, I never severed my connection with my church, and found to my delight that Theosophy afforded the key to the seemingly unanswerable things in life and that the "Gentle Nazarene" and his story were contained in Theosophy with a wealth of meaning and in entire completeness. For Jesus had always been the golden thread running through my life, and with what joy I found that Theosophy enabled me to trace that thread. By its light was shown the wonder and glory of His mission. Certain puzzling chapters in St. John, the prayer of Jesus connected with the Last Supper, his relations with his Disciples, all took on a world of meaning, where before all had been confusion. What did not the Light of Theosophy divulge to me. It showed so plainly that all religions have the same source and origin. How it made me long for the day when the fundamental truths of the Christian Religion will be more fully revealed. With what encouragement we can view the progress that is being made in this direction even now, as is shown in the more spiritual development of our clergymen, the increasing liberality of the Episcopal Church, its devotional attitude and its large humanitarian work.

Who can wonder, then, that I joined the Theosophical Society? In all the years of my membership, its teaching has been a constant source of helpfulness and inspiration. Criticism and contention fall away before it, creeds cease to exist, and co-operation, not criticism, is shown to be the need of the hour. One point which appealed most strongly to me in my first touch with Theosophy was that which concerns the struggle within man. Self-induced effort is a prerequisite for progress, yet man alone, and unaided must always fail, and by the great law must turn for aid to the beckoning and guiding hand of the Master, who for me and many other members is none other than Jesus Christ. For me, therefore, Theosophy spread out nineteen years ago the map of life, outlining its complexities, its joys and sorrows, and gave the realization that the journey's end can only be found in *service,* following the example of the great Christian Master. "Freely have you received, freely give."

M. F. G.

In trying to tell why one takes a very important step in life, it is necessary to show the trend of thought and the circumstances which led up to it, and in doing this one must give personal history.

I belong to a family whose members have been devoted churchmen for generations. They admit that there are good people among the sects, but it is hard for those who are not members of the visible Church here, to enter the Church Eternal in the Heavens. That I have come into the Theosophical Society shows of itself that I have been and am a great disappointment and trial to my people. Looking back over my life I can see that even as a child I was not the product of my family environment. I have a "scrap book" of poetry that I began before I was ten years old. In looking over it recently, I have been interested to note, not only that the verses show the growth of my inner life, but that while the clippings show a strong religious trend, there are many of them that I still value because they express a positive faith and reliance on the law of Karma, as I now understand it. As a child I had a firm faith in prayer, and believed, as I think most children do, that God the Father is very near and ready to help, if we ask Him. I remember once, as a small child, being frightened by a horse, and in jumping out of the way, landed in a mud puddle, I was naturally horrified to see my clean clothes spoiled, and clothes were a bad point with me, for I was constantly getting into disgrace because of them. I began to pray that God would take all the spots off before I got home, and I made the trip as long as possible so that He would have time to attend to me.

When I reached home the mud had dried and the spots had practically disappeared. I then prayed that my mother would be kept from noticing and punishing me, and I believed this prayer answered, for nothing was ever said about the spots.

From my childhood until I was grown my dearest friends were children of Methodist parents. I had no friends in the Church. I was allowed to go sometimes to the Methodist Sunday School, but often when I was supposed to be safe in the Episcopal Sunday School, I was with my Methodist friends.

When I was about fourteen the Methodists had a series of revival meetings which I attended. I was greatly impressed by the experiences of those who were converted, and sincerely wished to share their devotion and joy. I was "converted" before the meetings closed, but although I was very much in earnest, I was disappointed that I had no wonderful experience, as some of my friends had. I could see no change in myself except a new desire and determination to overcome my faults, and grow more like my ideal. But the Methodists appealed to me very strongly, there was something real, warm and alive about their religion, while my own Church seemed cold and unresponsive, and besides they believed in answer to prayer, and prayed to God from their hearts, and not from a book. They also believed in "Sanctification," that it was possible to have all one's sins washed away and to lead a holy life, this appealed to me, this seemed to me to be the goal to strive for. As I remember my understanding of it then, I should say that "the state of sanctification," is what is known as chelaship in the Orient, and by the followers of Jesus the Christ,

as discipleship, and this Theosophy has taught me, is as possible for us today as for those who lived with our Lord, and immediately after his ascension. He told us to "be perfect as the Father in Heaven is perfect," but that seemed hopeless in one short life, but now with the teaching of reincarnation, all things are possible.

When my family learned what I had done my trials began, for they had no faith in sudden conversions, and when they found that I wanted to join the Methodist Church they were as horrified and troubled as if I had committed a crime. For the greater part of a year they and their friends labored with me, while I prayed and pled with God to show me what I ought to do, feeling sure all the time that He would want me to join the Church that would bring me nearest to Him, and, of course, I believed that to be the Methodist.

As the months of struggle and prayer passed, the conviction grew stronger that I owed obedience to my mother and respect to family traditions, so that same year I was confirmed in the Episcopal Church.

From that time until I was about thirty-five I believed myself a devoted churchwoman, and was so considered by others, but now as I look back at that period of my life I see that there was no real devotion in my heart, no real sincerity, and I knew really nothing of the true spiritual teaching of the Church, I had only the outside husks. The ritual appealed to me and it stirred emotions in my heart which I mistook for the fervor of devotion.

Yet good churchwoman as I was supposed to be I was still the "odd" one, and more or less of a trial to my people, for I was interested in socialism, faith cures, living by faith, single tax, second adventists and any other "ism" that came my way, and I always seemed to draw people with "isms" rather than my own Church people.

During these years many sorrows and disappointments had come to me, and although I felt life to be very hard, I can truthfully say, I think, that I never felt life to be unjust to me for I knew my own failings so well, and how far I was from the ideal that I had started out to attain. But I saw what seemed injustice everywhere, especially among children. I had a feeling that perhaps the grown people were something like myself, and I knew I seemed better on the outside than I knew myself to be, but children were newly created white souls, and I could not see the justice. I suppose I was beginning to think, life was forcing questions upon me, that my Church teaching could not answer. I was losing faith, not in God, but in the Church, where it had never been a living faith, as I now see.

The thought of an eternity of bliss was more unthinkable to me than an eternity of woe, for I can never remember having any fear of a hell, but I can well remember trying to imagine an eternity of bliss, until I felt I should go mad, and longing and praying for annihilation instead. It was the teaching of evolution, reincarnation, and Karma, in Theosophy, that appealed to me most strongly at first. The idea that each child born into the world was not a new-made soul, reaping where it had not sown,

and suffering for the sins of others, was the greatest joy and encouragement to me. But when the truth, for truth I at once felt it to be, of an eternity behind me as well as before, and that I am living in eternity now, came to me, all the old horror fell away. But this was not until I heard of Theosophy, and that came about in this wise.

In the midst of all this mental upheaval, an English friend gave me Marie Correlli's books, *The Romance of Two Worlds* and *Ardath*. These gave me the first hint of evolution, and the idea that the soul is not born, nor can it die, but that it comes to this earth to learn the lessons of life and to reap what it has sown in other lives, to grow, and to mount ever higher and higher. These books impressed me greatly and gave me food for thought for months. At this juncture I was invited by this same friend to attend a lecture that he had heard of, on the "Astral Body." We had no idea what that might be, but wanted to go any how. We understood very little of the lecture, but we did get many helpful thoughts. Leaflets were given us on Reincarnation and Karma and after going to more lectures, thinking over all I had heard and reading the few things given me, it seemed to me that I had suddenly found an answer to all of life's questions. All the injustice and wrong were wiped out. Life took on a new and more hopeful aspect, there was no horrible eternity of either bliss or woe. I learned anew that law and order reigned and a living, all-wise and all-just Father ruled the world.

I joined the Society six or eight weeks after that first visit, and it was only after I had begun to learn something of its Divine teaching that I felt I had found compensation for all the sacrifice I thought I had made when I gave up the ideals and aspirations I had at fourteen, and followed my dear mother's wishes.

All this and more I have found in Theosophy, and I am only beginning, there is endless unfoldment before me. E. G. A.

ON THE SCREEN OF TIME

THE Recorder began: "I have friends in Germany on whose behalf I wish to speak. There are many German readers of the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY—men and women whom we respect, some of them members of the Theosophical Society, fellow-workers with us in the cause of Masters and of humanity. Doubtless they are protesting, as far as they are able, against the violation of Belgium neutrality and against the hideous wrong done that people. I should prefer to remain silent until we receive information of their protest, and then to second it to the utmost of our ability. But the war prevents free communication with Germany—the censorship is very strict—and many months may pass before we hear from our German friends again. It would be wrong for us to withhold our protest for so long. If only on their behalf it would be obligatory for some one of us to speak.

"Every ideal for which Theosophy stands has been outraged. If America or France or England had done this thing, our condemnation would not be less severe; our pain would be even greater. It is because, for the moment, I speak for a cause which includes all nations and races equally that I feel it my duty publicly to execrate an irremediable outrage, not merely against civilization, but, in the person of the perpetrators, against human life and human honour. With every man of every race who loves what is honourable, respects what is sacred, reveres what is true, and who hates what is evil and hideous and perverted,—we mourn."

The Objector spoke instantly: "Germany claims," he said, "that the violation of Belgium neutrality was a military necessity; that it was an act of self-preservation."

"On behalf of my German friends," replied the Recorder, "I must beg you not to say that 'Germany claims.' Say rather that official Germany claims, or, if that be not sufficiently comprehensive in your opinion, say that a great majority of Germans make that claim and thereby pretend, as against all that German Theosophists stand for, that the end justifies the means. From the dawn of history, that doctrine has been used by everyone who, for the time being, has become the instrument of devils."

"After all," interjected the Philosopher, turning to the Objector, "it is not a question of what you or I would do in given circumstances; it is a question of what we would wish to do. If you and I were wrecked on a desert island, I might, at the end of a week's starvation, kill you and eat you. I hope sincerely that I should not. Self-preservation certainly could not warrant it. If I were to do it

as soon as we landed and without even the excuse of a week's starvation, it would make my action that much the worse. If I had in some way premeditated the act, or if you were in some way under my protection, it would again make the act more evil by just that much. But the point is that while, on the one hand, we cannot guarantee our own impeccability of conduct in times of great temptation, we can say what we would hope to do; we can recognize an ideal. Therefore we must condemn a wrong act, though not the actor, even when the wrong act is unpremeditated. In the case of Germany and Belgium, however, premeditation has been admitted. It is as if a man, foreseeing the probability of a fight with his neighbour, planned beforehand to use a child next door as a club or a shield—a child he had promised specially to protect. Then, because the child when seized by the heels, proceeds to kick and to struggle, the man dashes its brains out and uses the dead body as a club. He admits to his friends (as the German Chancellor admitted) that he knows he is doing wrong, but that he has an enemy and must 'hack his way through.'

"Can such conduct need condemnation? Can it be necessary to point out that it was the duty of that man to die a thousand deaths but never, even at the last gasp, to do a dastardly thing such as that? Is it not obvious that he has placed himself under the protection, not of God, but of the Black Lodge and of all the powers of darkness?

"So terrible was the initial offence—the invasion of neutral Belgium—that the mutilation which followed the murder—the destruction of Louvain and other cities—might be regarded as evidence of insanity rather than as cumulative moral guilt. Once you assert that the end justifies the means and undertake to act upon that theory, you place yourself, not only beyond the pale of morals, but of reason. You join the ranks of the insane and everything you do is likely to be an insane act—fiendishly cruel or wanton. You cannot unite your life with that of the Black Lodge without coming, in time, to hate God, even though you continue to mutter the name of God interminably."

"The subject is too terrible," said the Student. "Let us change it. . . . What would you regard as the fruit of your summer?"

It was the Philosopher who undertook to reply.

"A deeper conviction," he said. "that conduct, that policy, are controlled by character; and that if we would learn to act with wisdom and also with power, we can only do so as the result of an all-round development of character."

"What do you mean by character?" asked the Student.

"I mean the qualities of the heart and will and imagination. I mean that if a man have an arrogant heart; if he be vain or bad-tempered or sensual or lacking in sympathy—if, in brief, he have

any moral defect of any kind, that moral defect is going to warp his judgment and paralyze or greatly weaken his action in everything that he undertakes in any department of life. In other words, the moral qualities, instead of being merely ornamental, or instead of being desirable for reasons partly spiritual and partly æsthetic, as many people seem to believe, are absolutely essential to the successful performance of any task whatsoever, from making love to commanding an army, from sweeping a floor to running an automobile."

"Do you suggest this as a discovery?" It was the Objector who spoke, and when the weather is against him, he degenerates occasionally into sarcasm. But the Philosopher knows him and smiles.

"Not as a discovery," he replied, "but as a conviction which has bitten into me more deeply because of the war."

"I thought we were going to change the subject," the Student murmured.

"We cannot change the subject. Nobody can," answered the Philosopher. "It is bigger than we are. And in this case, as I said, I have to thank the war for a deepened and still deepening conviction. The principle of which I was speaking can be seen at work both in the diplomacy and in the strategy of the contending nations. Their conduct is written so large on the Screen of Time, that it enables one to see more clearly one's own mistakes and above all one's own needs.

"It could perhaps be stated more simply in this way: that selfishness, self-love, self-glorification, self-pity—self in any of its innumerable phases—while long since recognized by mystical theologians as the supreme enemy of the soul, ought also to be recognized as the supreme enemy of successful action on any plane and in every sphere of life. Self invariably defeats its own ends; invariably deprives itself of the fruits of its own efforts; invariably blinds, tricks, misleads us intellectually; invariably deflects our aim, weakens our blow, saps our resistance."

"The logic of that," commented the Student, "is that the nation or nations meeting with defeat in this war will be overcome by their own moral defects rather than by the superior strength of their antagonists. But where would you draw the line? Surely you would not ignore the weight of numbers as a factor?"

"Certainly not. The number of men and of guns; the amount of gold in a nation's treasury—the physical fitness and 'preparedness' of a nation—these clearly are factors of immense importance. But they are the result of moral qualities operative for years prior to the outbreak of hostilities. My sympathies, as you know, are completely with the Allies; but neither France nor England can be held blameless for their lack of preparation. For one thing, they failed to recognize the character of the ruling caste in Germany—of the

caste that has ruled its people since the war of 1870. This failure was due to insularity, to provincialism—forms of self-centredness and of self-sufficiency. It never entered the head of the average Englishman (probably not of the average Frenchman either) that a caste existed in Germany which quite seriously thought itself superior, not only to all other created things, but to the generally accepted moral law. Yet the spirit of a dominant caste is often expressed by poets and philosophers, and Nietzsche was poet and philosopher in one. His Superman (read his *Also Sprach Zarathustra*) declares that the very spirit of Christianity, apart even from its dogmas, has polluted and debased the intellectual atmosphere of Europe. If you will turn back to the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY for April, 1909 (Vol. VI, No. 4), you will find an article on Nietzsche which explains much that we witness in Europe today. . . . It is not my intention, however, to criticize Germany. My point is that English and French statesmen ought to have forseen what was coming—what was bound to come—and ought to have strained every nerve to prepare for it in advance, instead of permitting the thought and energies of their respective nations to concentrate on domestic comfort."

"In a hundred years from now," interrupted the Gael, "they will be condemned with a severity which today would seem most unjust. Imagine a settler in this country, out West, in the days of Apache or Sioux wars. Imagine that, instead of building stockades and laying in powder and bullets and provisions, your settler had concentrated his attention on decorating the interior of his log cabin or on importing silk dresses for his wife or even on tasks, otherwise meritorious, such as the proper mending of his children's stockings. You would say that the man deserved any fate, but that it was distinctly hard on the said wife and children! Yet that is exactly what the radical and socialistic politicians of France and England did. It would be an insult to all old women to say that such men behaved like old women. And in too many cases their motive was a bad one. They wanted votes, and they pandered to the ignorance of the average voter."

The Objector broke in: "There are plenty of people in France and England, and for that matter in this country too, who have no more use for Christianity than Nietzsche had. It would be absolutely unfair to attribute to any class of Germans a monopoly of such disapproval."

"True," replied the Philosopher. "But there is an immense difference between opposition to a Church or disapproval of dogmas, on the one hand, and, on the other, contempt for an ethical ideal. Further, Nietzsche did not invent a new ideal. All he did was to voice the ideal of the caste which dominated and still dominates

Germany. He was most careful not to limit his condemnation to views distinctively Christian. See what he said about Theosophy —supposed at that time, and of course wrongly supposed, to be emphatically anti-Christian. 'The result of Theosophy. One is most dishonest against one's God: one is not allowed to sin!' . . . If you do not believe me, here is the German of it, from *Sprüche und Zwischenspiele,* vol. VII, p. 95: 'Aus der Theosophie. Man ist am unehrlichsten gegen seinen Gott: er darf nicht sündigen!'"

"I have heard Germans, who were Church-goers, rave about Nietzsche. They liked his 'freedom of spirit'; they admired his vigour. The truth is that he expressed what they wanted to be; that his writings (not, of course, the man himself) portrayed their hero, the German Superman. If all the powers of evil had combined to express their soul in words both attractive and forceful, the result could hardly have excelled the work of Nietzsche. My own belief is that he was used in just that way. He claimed to be inspired. He was mediumistic. He died in a mad-house. And in any case he voiced the doctrine of devils."

"If you admit," said the Objector, "that many English and French politicians were insular or provincial, and that these were forms of self-centredness and of self-sufficiency, in what respect were they superior morally to Germans?"

"I did not and do not say they were superior to Germans. You must be good enough not to ignore my distinction between 'Germans' and the dominant caste in Germany. You must leave it to the individual German to declare his sympathies. The dominant caste in Germany had no sense of humour. The German papers that laughed at their absurdities were conducted by clever Jews—an entirely different race. Both French and English could laugh at themselves; could see that they were not Supermen; did not imagine themselves above the moral law, or the law which ought to govern their neighbours. They still retained, in other words, some remnants of a genuine humility. Englishmen, practically without exception, had sense enough left to realize that if all the world were Anglicized, it would become a very soggy world. They were sufficiently civilized, in a theosophic sense, to value the contribution of minds and of temperaments utterly different from their own. They could respect much that they found in France, in India, in America, in Germany, in Russia, in Italy, and in many other nations. And by respect I mean they could really value much that they met with. The same was true of the French and of the Russians. It would be impossible to find in any French or English or Russian newspaper of the past fifty years, an article such as that which appeared in a recent issue of the German *Kreuzzeitung,* translated in the New York *Sun* of November 29th. The *Kreuzzeitung* says:

"'Speaking frankly, and as true Germans, we would see every monument, every stone that tells the history of France, every picture, though it be a work of semi-divine conception, utterly destroyed rather than that the glorious work that has been given to the German race to perform in the world should be hindered by even so much as one hour's avoidable delay.

"'The world can be revitalized, society ennobled and refined, only through the German spirit.

"'The world must, for its own salvation, be Germanized.'

"Many individual Germans would laugh at such narrow arrogance. German Theosophists would see instantly how utterly opposed is such a spirit to the principles upon which the Society is founded. None the less, that article in the *Kreuzzeitung* speaks for the caste in Germany which controls the policy of the German Empire, and, as I said, there is no caste either in France or in England which is capable of such narrow-minded arrogance, any more than it is capable of the wild talk of a man like Maximilian Harden, with his 'our might shall create a new law in Europe'! Psychic intoxication if you choose, as may be said of Nietzsche. But that which inspires it is bad; is the exact opposite of the theosophic spirit; is deplorable."

"All that has been said so far," said the Disciple at this point, "will impress some Germans as very unjust, and even some non-German readers of the QUARTERLY as very unbrotherly. But having said it, I want, if you will let me, to explain what I mean. In this country we have had an opportunity to study each nation's record of the negotiations which preceded the war: we have read the official documents as presented by Germany, France, England and the other allied governments. It is doubtful whether any Germans in Germany, except Foreign Office officials, have had the same opportunity. As the result of our study we have come to certain dispassionate conclusions. We have a right to claim them as dispassionate, because we were not biased in favour of England, as our history during the past twenty years and longer amply proves. We have come to the conclusion that Germany could have prevented war and did not choose to do so; that Germany hoped until the last moment that England could be kept out of it, and because self-deceived, was furious when England, instead of submitting to the violation of Belgian neutrality, took up arms to protect that which she had promised to protect. We have come to the conclusion that the said violation of Belgian neutrality by Germany, was premeditated, was unprovoked, was wicked, was cowardly. As a people—although neutral as a nation—we shall not rest content until Belgium is again independent and has been compensated, to the utmost that is possible, for the terrible wrong that has been done her. That, if I am not mistaken, is a

fair statement of what the average American feels. It is in any case what I feel. And I base my conclusion upon a study of all the official documents, Germany's White Paper included. It would be possible to base it upon Germany's statement alone. But the average German in Germany has been misled; does not know the facts; is convinced that he does know them, and has concluded (because he personally, perhaps, did not want war) that 'Great Britain started the war for money', as the *Kreuzzeitung* tells him. Consequently he would think the remarks made here this afternoon very unjust and unfriendly. He would be wrong, but we must make allowance for the fact that he has been misled."

"How about the peace-at-any-price people?" asked the Student. "I can imagine their indignation if they could have heard our talk!"

"The logic of their position," replied the Disciple, "is that we should abolish Police, front-doors, locks and keys, and any and every form of resistance. It would be a sin, not only to defend oneself, but to defend another, whether unjustly attacked or not. To be logical they would have to go further and admit that it would be inconsistent with their principles to resist temptation or the evil in their own hearts. They will not see the logic of that, but it is none the less the only fair deduction from their premise. Obviously, as against their position, so long as evil exists, whether within us or without us, it must be fought. 'Think not that I am come to send peace on earth: I came not to send peace, but a sword.'

"But there are those who, without being 'peace-at-any-price,' will think that the QUARTERLY is no place for the discussion of topics which are hotly disputed, and that it is 'unbrotherly' to express an opinion which may hurt the feelings of somebody else. If superlatively foolish, they might add that it is unbrotherly to judge either a nation or an individual.

"Let us take the last, first. If my brother commits a murder, am I to approve his act? If he steals, am I to condone his offence? I owe it to him as well as to myself to condemn his misconduct, once it is proved against him, and most bitterly to regret it and—for him and with him—to repent of it. Was Christ unbrotherly when, to their faces (would to Heaven I had his power of invective!), he denounced the Scribes and Pharisees? "Woe unto you, hypocrites! for ye devour widows' houses, and for a pretence make long prayer: therefore ye shall receive the greater damnation. Woe unto you, fools and blind! Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers! Ye are like unto whited sepulchres, which indeed appear beautiful outward, but are within full of dead men's bones, and of all uncleanness.' No! Christ was not afraid to expose and to denounce evil. A brave declaration of principles, a valiant defence of all who are unjustly attacked, must for ever be the duty of the Theosophist. And I suspect that friends of those Pharisees, though not their wiser,

truer friends, had feelings very much hurt by such uncompromising condemnation. They were the dominant caste in Judea. To condemn them was not to condemn their nation; but to condemn them was to force a choice upon all the people of their nation.

"Was Christ 'unbrotherly' when he spoke of Herod as 'that fox,' that jackal? What queer ideas people have of brotherhood! What vacuous sentimentality masquerades under that name! Think of Madame Blavatsky: do you remember her editorials in *Lucifer?* . . . Would you mind handing me that third volume? Just for fun, I am going to open it at random. . . . It opens on p. 3. There is an editorial entitled "Our Third Year." Writing in the third person Madame Blavatsky says of herself:

> 'If she has not held the torch nearer to certain American, French, English, German and Hindu members of the Society, it is because the sweet spirit of theosophical charity demands that time should be given to these well-wishers but weak-doers to discover their ignorance and cleanse themselves of the ferocious selfishness, narrow-mindedness and conceit which have made their playing at "the higher life" an almost comical travesty.' "

All of us laughed. The extract was so thoroughly characteristic. But the Disciple had not finished.

"Do you not remember," he continued, "how remorselessly she attacked the clergy of that day for their narrow dogmatism? How she assailed their hide-bound attachment to creeds, while declaring —as she always declared—that 'the Christ-life is undeniably the ideal of every one worthy in any sense of the name of a Theosophist'? Constantly she was reproached by friends and well-wishers for the offence they feared she would give. They told her she was not 'politic.' Next month she would write an editorial literally scalping them for their advice. 'The Truth' was her slogan, and speak it she would, at all costs. 'The Editors of *Lucifer* are Theosophists,' she said, 'and their motto is chosen: *Vera pro gratiis.*'

"Doubtless Madame Blavatsky had her faults; but she was not a sentimentalist—and she did understand Theosophy! If she were alive today, I believe I know what she would be doing and saying. And she would be doing it, not because she was a Russian by birth, but because, heart and mind and soul and body, she was fearless in her championship of Truth, passionate in her love of justice, uncompromising in her defence of the oppressed, magnificent in her hatred of all that dishonours manhood. She would be saying—I think that the soul which was in her is saying—'There can be, there shall be no peace on earth until wrong has been righted; until the

Divine Law is recognized and obeyed. Every man, worthy of the name, must work for this, must fight for this. Every man, worthy of the name, must die, when he does die, with that pledge in his heart.' "

T.

"It was very strange to me to discover this; and very dreadful—but I saw it to be quite an undeniable fact. The common notion that peace and the virtues of civil life flourished together, I found, to be wholly untenable. Peace and the vices *of civil life only flourish together. We talk of peace and learning, and of peace and plenty, and of peace and civilization; but I found that those were not the words which the Muse of History coupled together: that on her lips, the words were —peace and sensuality, peace and selfishness, peace and corruption, peace and death. I found, in brief, that all great nations learned their truth of word, and strength of thought, in war; that they were nourished in war, and wasted by peace; taught by war, and deceived by peace; trained by war, and betrayed by peace;—in a word, that they were born in war and expired in peace.*

"Yet now note carefully, in the second place, it is not all *war of which this can be said—nor all dragon's teeth, which, sown, will start up into men. It is not the ravage of a barbarian wolf-flock . . . But the creative or foundational war is that . . . in which the natural ambition and love of power of men are disciplined into the aggressive conquest of surrounding evil; and in which the natural instincts of self-defence are satisfied by the nobleness of the institutions, and purity of the households, which they are appointed to defend. To such war as this all men are born; in such war as this any man may happily die; and forth from such war as this have arisen throughout the extent of past ages, all the highest sanctities and virtues of humanity."*—Ruskin's Essay on War.

ELEMENTARY ARTICLE

A Rule of Life.

V

THE manuals of devotion that treat of self-examination usually follow a method that will answer our purpose in our effort to discover the ground that should be covered by a Rule of Life. They tell us that we have a duty to God, a duty to our neighbors and a duty to ourselves. Therefore, a comprehensive Rule of Life must include these three main divisions of living.

In a sense and without much forcing of the point, the three monastic vows come into play here. We can well take Obedience as the synthesis of our duty to God;—we can consider Poverty, *i. e.*, renunciation, unselfishness, as the keynote of a proper relation to our neighbors; while Chastity—Purity—certainly is not a bad guide for our personal life—our duty to ourselves. There is no point in pushing this too far, however. It is of interest as showing the marvellous inclusiveness of the three Vows. What is necessary, is the adoption of principles of life which will cover our three-fold relation, to God, to our neighbors and to ourselves; and to erect these principles into a Rule of Life.

It is not a simple matter, for we have made life an enormously complicated affair, and we must deal with it as it appears to us and not as it really is. For countless ages we have been crossing and recrossing the direct current of universal law until we have tangled ourselves up in a maze of illusions and prejudices and ignorances through which we are no longer able to discern the truth. With the best desire in the world we do not know how to act, we do not know what to believe, we do not know the direction in which to travel. It is an appreciation of this which fills the monastery and the convent; which makes the strong appeal of the Catholic Church, for it will take charge of the neophyte, will relieve him of responsibility, and will tell him what to do. There are many who will deny this need but that simply means that they do not yet know enough to realize its truth; they have not grown to the point where they feel it.

To put into perfectly simple words just what this means;—we require a spiritual guide or director when we decide to make a serious effort to live a higher life. This is not strange or unusual or queer. We pro-

pose to travel into an unknown country and a guide is a matter of common sense. We do not absolutely need a spiritual guide any more than we absolutely need a human guide when exploring an unknown territory, provided we are strong enough to suffer the hardships that could be avoided by knowledge, and are willing to waste the time spent in going wrong ways, with the resulting loss of energy and capital. A few exceptional human beings have gone long distances into the spiritual world with their own resources only, but the vast majority would soon find themselves lost in a mental forest or sunk in a psychic quagmire if they attempted the journey alone.

Therefore one of the first things the would-be disciple must do is to find a teacher; one who knows more than he does and is willing to impart that knowledge. It is, of course, the recognized function of the priest to serve as such a guide, but unfortunately while the official representatives of the various sects of Christianity often have a considerable knowledge of theology, few of them have that personal experience of the spiritual life which is absolutely necessary before he is fitted to lead others. It is not what he *knows,* but what he is, that qualifies a guide in these unknown regions of existence.

It is of the utmost importance, therefore, to choose one's spiritual director with care; to be sure he has the necessary qualifications, and that his treatment of us and of our problems will be sympathetic and acceptable. It is better to search long and to wait patiently for the proper person, for it is almost essential that once chosen, we remain faithful to that guide. Nothing is more usual and nothing more fatal to success than that restless seeking for something new that makes certain types of neophytes frequently change their directors. Better one poor director than several good ones, and as a corollary of this: never under any circumstances ask for spiritual advice from two people at the same time. Hopeless confusion will result, and, if the relationship with the real director is a true and vital one, it is sure to be severed by such inconstancy.

As it is not easy to find a suitable spiritual guide, as there are comparatively few persons in the world at the present time capable of training souls, great care must be exercised in the search for a director and much reflection given to those available, before a choice is made. As a rule, anyone who offers to guide another is unsuitable. Any one who is easy to find and easy to get, will not do: and above all, anyone who derives the least direct or indirect benefit from such a relationship, is in the nature of the case, a false guide, who will only lead astray. Remember that it is a tremendous privilege to have a real spiritual guide, and in the spiritual world a privilege must be earned. Therefore, if you seek a guide and do not find one it may be safely taken as a sign that you do not deserve one. But do not on that account cease your search. On the contrary, try harder than ever, and try also to fit yourself for such a leadership so that you may earn the right and deserve the privilege. If you do—the time is sure to come when the proper guide will "turn up" as it were, for while

there may be nothing strange or unusual about it, nevertheless, you may be sure that your efforts will be watched and that as soon as you are fit, the matter will be "arranged," and the longed-for guide found. Faith is necessary in this as in all else that relates to the spiritual life.

We have gone at some length into this question of finding a spiritual director because it should precede, if possible, the adoption of a Rule; and your Rule should be submitted to and approved by your guide before you attempt to live it. This is not always possible, and these articles are in fact intended more for those individuals who feel called to a higher life but who have no director and perhaps think that they do not want or need one.

Our Rule then must provide for our duty to God, our duty to our neighbors and our duty to ourselves.

Roughly speaking, our duty to God includes prayer, meditation, spiritual reading, religious services and observances and our obligations in connection with our Church.

Our duty to our neighbors includes our relations to individuals, especially those with whom we come most into contact. Were we free from jealousy, aversion, resentment or contempt? Were we uncharitable or unkind in act or speech? Did we judge or suspect others rashly? Were we impatient, irritable or cross? Were we truthful?

Our duty to ourselves includes our thoughts and feelings and acts. Were we vain, proud, impatient? Did we yield to sensuality, sloth or idleness? Were we neglectful or careless about our work? Did we indulge in idle, useless or impure thoughts?

If you make your Rule cover these points, and will observe such a Rule, it will carry you far towards perfection. For instance, fix upon an hour for getting up each morning; then appoint a time for prayer, meditation and spiritual reading; limit your time at meals and the amount and character of your food; adopt principles of conduct to govern your relations with individuals; adopt principles to govern your method of doing your daily work; make such rules as you consider suitable to your circumstances to offer up little acts of prayer and recollection during the day; regulate your leisure and your way of spending it and your time of recreation; do not let recreation ever become relaxation; make rules about going to bed and your prayers and self-examination at bed time. In a word, carry method and order and system into your day from waking to sleeping. Do not leave any loose time unprovided for. It were better to make it your rule to take a nap at such periods than to have no rule to cover them.

One caution: do not make your Rule severe or austere or difficult. It must be easy to follow. You will find the easiest of Rules very hard to observe conscientiously when you are not in the mood for it, and it is almost essential that we be faithful in our observance. We are not expected to be perfect. We are, on the contrary, expected to fail repeatedly. Any Rule that could be kept without a failure would be too

easy to be of much value. But we are expected to try earnestly to observe the Rule faithfully, and to do and accomplish this ought to test our courage, our patience, and our perseverance, in a word—our will; for a Rule is for the purpose of training our wills.

All this is pretty general and the average man or woman needs concrete directions as well as general rules. Therefore, in addition to these general principles make it a part of your Rule to select for special attack what you believe to be your worst fault and pay special attention to this. Make it a part of your Rule to think of this fault every morning, to devise ways and means for avoiding it that day, and each evening to review the day—with special reference to this fault—to note failures and their cause so that you may avoid similar failures in the future. After a while you can also add the acquirement of a special virtue to your Rule, and you should go about this in the same way, save that this work is positive while the getting rid of a fault is only negative. In acquiring virtues you can use your creative powers to help you, your imagination, for instance. But do not attempt too much at first.

The main thing about your Rule, however, is not the Rule itself so much as the keeping of it. Anyone can make a Rule; few persons can keep one. Therefore, do not spend too much time and energy upon this part of your task; almost any Rule will do that does not transgress the bounds of common sense. Bend all the energies of your soul upon the labor of keeping your Rule—faithfully—conscientiously. Try it for a month, and if you fail too often, make it easier, so that, when you really try,—really use your will, you *can* keep it. Then stick to that Rule until you do it so well that you feel you can tighten up the lines a little and add another regulation, or make those you already have a little harder, or your time of meditation a little longer. We must never be content with our performance, never be satisfied with our attainment.

Two effects often follow the adoption of a Rule and they must be watched for and guarded against. One is such a revolt of the lower nature that we turn from the whole affair in disgust. Our minds tell us that the thing is childish, undignified and unnecessary; that life would not be worth living under such a regime, that it is a waste of time and energy, and many other similar things, the tendency of which is to cause us to abandon the effort. Sometimes this pressure becomes so great as to cause the aspirant to kick over the traces entirely, to throw off all restraint and to seek some really harmful self-indulgence. It is because of these effects of a Rule that a spiritual director is so desirable, for he would see the indications of such a reaction and would know how to meet it. He might very well tell the aspirant to stop all effort to keep his Rule for a period until his nature has quieted down again. So you who have no spiritual guide must watch yourself closely and if you note a growing tendency towards rebellion, either repress it sternly, or if you cannot, stop your efforts lest a worse disaster befall you. You are not playing a game, remember; you are dealing with spiritual laws that have all the

power of the universe behind them, and you have called on one of these laws to take care of your life and development.

The other effect which often follows the adoption of a Rule is discouragement. The strong nature tends to explode; the weak nature tends to lie down under the difficulty and say "I cannot." The remedy is prayer, courage and patience; prayer for help and strength, courage to face the difficulties, and patience with our repeated failures and our lack of apparent progress. I say *apparent* advisedly, for no effort is actually wasted, no failure irremediable, and perseverance is bound to wear out the elements of weakness in us and to make us victorious in the end.

The fact is that the Rule always tests our weak points and it is by repeated failures and by repeated beginning over again that we gain those qualities we need for the proper rounding out of our characters.

Another thing that often results from the adoption of a Rule is the coming into light of a hitherto unexpected quality of the nature; it may be a virtue, a reservoir of strength or power, but as like as not, it is a weakness. If we have some hidden fault, some rotten spot in the nature, a Rule is sure to bring it to the surface; and this is as it should be, for we cannot hope to conquer and get rid of an unknown fault or weakness.

C. A. G.

REVIEWS

Ancient Rome and Modern America, by Guglielmo Ferrero, G. P. Putnam's Sons, N. Y.

This volume is further evidence of Signore Ferrero's very high rank as a philosophical historian. It is a contrast and a comparison of two civilizations remote in time. The differences as well as the likenesses seem to some readers suggestive of the old doctrine of Reincarnation. Through unusual power of imagination Ferrero has studied the old Roman civilization as a living reality. So often the past is studied as if it were a skeleton. Familiarity with the past as a living reality—an organism of rounded existence—enables Ferrero to detect the great currents in modern civilization that move under the swirl of surface eddies. Man has achieved the stupendous successes of today—enormous wealth, conquest of space—by overturning all the limits which earlier civilizations had respected. He has demanded for himself infinite achievement. But man is himself a creature of limits—he is finite. Hence results the strange disease of modern life: "The more blessings are heaped upon him, the more he complains. The more he possesses, the more he thinks himself poor and needy. The fewer are the causes for grief and the dangers around him, the more wretched he feels." In occult terms, the deep discontent and restlessness which Signore Ferrero finds pervading contemporary civilization is a result of wrong identification. Man has identified his lower nature and lower desires with the infinite; whereas, it is not the perishable lower nature but the soul which, through union with the Divine, shares the Immortality and Infinity of God.

The book sounds a grave warning. It shows that by our self-indulgence in every direction we are hurrying modern civilization towards "an unbridled, gross, and oppressive orgy." There is a growing depravity of manners. Our boasted "progress" is really retrogressive, and is carrying us backward beyond the period of wholesome Christian discipline. "We are undoing, little by little," writes Ferrero, "Christianity's great contribution to the chastening of our customs, by suppressing many of the limits which Christianity had established with such labour in the midst of the unbridled licence of the ancient world. We are travelling, therefore, step by step back towards paganism, with all its conveniences and all its perils."

That is a terrible charge to bring against a civilization that calls itself Christian. It is all the more terrible in that it does not come from a theologian anxious about professional interests. Ferrero is not an ecclesiastic. He is a scientific, dispassionate observer of human society. T. A.

Pastoral Letter of the House of Bishops, 1913.

The House of Bishops is the permanent "upper" House in the governing body of the Protestant Episcopal Church. Its sessions are in secret—behind closed doors. In the earlier centuries, it is said, the Bishops assembled for deliberation around a vacant chair; therein, they believed, the Master sat presiding over their councils. From time to time, upon matters of moment, the Bishops issue pastoral letters. Of late such letters have been rare. One such letter

has come, however, from the Bishops assembled in the General Convention of 1913. It discusses, among other things, the subjects of education and religion.

The *Letter* calls attention to a certain licentiousness that marks contemporary manners. The condemnation of our present-day life is expressed in sober and dignified words—no fanatical extravagance—but the judgment is unmistakably one of condemnation. "Refinement of manners, gentleness and reverence are obligations of our religion, to which, we are constrained to say, the fashions of the day show scant regard. Even good taste, and what used to be called common decency, seem to make little appeal." The *Letter* sees in this decay of manners tendencies that are a menace to civilization. It purposes to check those tendencies and hinder a social and national calamity by giving a Christian education to the coming generation. The *Letter* is most satisfactory in its definition of education. It is abreast with the most advanced psychology and philosophy. It clears itself completely from the lingering traditions of forty years ago—the materialism of an early stage of science. The *Letter* says of education: "It is the means by which the whole man becomes personalized and is realized up to the height of his capacity: the body, the intelligence or lower consciousness, and the intuitive faculties or higher consciousness, must all play their part and be given due attention. There is a process, which consists of imparting information to the intelligence or lower consciousness, and which is popularly called education; but it is only a part of education. The noblest faculty of the human being is the capacity of knowing and realizing the presence of God."

The Bishops urge our prominent institutions of learning "to proclaim in theory and in practice that God, manifested in Christ, is the source and end of all knowledge," by which action alone will coherence be given to our diffuse efforts. "The one way to give to education a *raison d'être* is to make the unseen or eternal play its constant stream upon the seen or temporal. Christian creed and life are not an adjunct tacked on to a system of intellectual training, but a foundation, without which all learning is baseless and ephemeral."

CLARENCE C. CLARK.

The Praise of Glory: Reminiscences of Sister Elizabeth of the Trinity, a Carmelite nun of Dijon, published by Benziger Bros.

My first impression of nuns and of monastic life came to me from a cousin. My cousin's engagement was broken, she soon after became a postulant in an Anglican order. I did not know my cousin intimately because she lived in a distant city. She never gave us her reasons for entering the convent. But our conjectures supplied her with motives; and we extended her supposed motives into general principles that underlay the whole structure of monasticism. I had always been told that my cousin was "unpractical." Then her family was High Church while ours was Low; we felt that ecclesiastically they were "giving themselves airs." My cousin's act seemed to us the result of disappointment, chagrin and cowardice, and monastic life appeared as a refuge for broken hearts that were originally weak and selfish. The life seemed pallid, starched and sour, like that of asylums where decrepit old women are housed. These generalizations of my family were confirmed in me by the history lectures of a college professor. He was a Ph. D. from a German university, and looked upon himself as an embodiment of fairness and of the scientific spirit. He was a Connecticut Yankee by birth. In considering English history, he gave the impression of an entirely unprejudiced attitude. He pictured the monastic communities of early England as my family had done but he darkened the pallidness with lurid and monstrous crimes that were engendered in that atmosphere of self-absorption and chagrin.

Between the acrid and vicious figments of Protestant superstition and the Carmelite convent at Dijon what a contrast! The real convent in the provincial French town is a place of fulfilled love—not a retreat for disappointed passion. There is nothing pallid about it. It is a centre radiating joy.

Elizabeth Catez, whose life is narrated in this volume was born in 1880, the daughter of an army officer. She entered the convent at Dijon in 1901. She died there, after long and painful illness, in 1906.

It is difficult to name the special characteristics of those who follow a religious vocation. They are something like foreigners to us. Their features seem indistinguishable. Sister Elizabeth has the flaming love which marks the Carmelite order—it burned bright in St. Teresa herself, and in that other flaming daughter, Thérèse of Lisieux. The words "Divine Love" were not a metaphor to her. He was a Real Presence to her, in whose life and will she wished her own life to be absorbed. "I give my crucifix a kiss," she wrote from the convent to her mother who had with great reluctance permitted the girl to follow her vocation, "for our Lord to take to you from His bride, your fond little daughter." "I am homesick for Heaven," she often said. "For me death would be like the crumbling of the wall." (pointing to the wall of the room) "I should fall into the arms of Him I love." She had so firm a hold on Recollection that she found her Master in the laundry when with the other sisters she washed the clothes. Perhaps two characteristics are most impressive. The first is her valiant endurance of pain. She had prayed for suffering. She wished a succession of pain to keep her mindful of her Lover's life on earth. She not only endured the pain but she made it an occasion of joy. The second is her deepened interest in her family—those from whom she seemed to be separated by her religious vow. She was always affectionate in her family circle. But the convent heightened her love. She watched (in prayer) over her sister's babies as if they had been her own. Her letters from the convent are models of filial and sisterly tenderness.

The book has not the great fascination and charm of Sœur Thérèse's *Autobiography*. It lacks the playful gaiety of the Lisieux record. But it has equal sincerity, and the sincerity carries conviction with it.

The book encourages those who are struggling at the beginning of an effort to lead a spiritual life. Sister Elizabeth longed for the convent from childhood. Great fervour was granted her. But after she actually had entered, she found herself for a long period so very cold and dry that she had to resist the impulse to run away from the services that brought her so little inspiration. Ordinary mortals can take heart for their own seasons of barrenness. J. W. O.

The Unknown God and Other Orthodox Essays, by Jacob Pratt Dunn. This little book was kindly sent us for review. The author is Secretary of the Indiana Historical Society, and the first essay assembled in easy and convenient form the fruits of somewhat unusual reading. The second, entitled "First Heresies," is the best sustained of the five which comprise the book. A. G.

Contemplations, by W. L. Wilmshurst. We do not know why this book was sent us for review. If it were not written in good faith it would be a travesty of religion and religious themes. The author writes glibly of the heights of mystical experience and of the occult about which he knows nothing, juggling sacred names and terms in a manner truly appalling. His obvious sincerity and belief in the importance of his discoveries and knowledge alone excuse its publication; but the book is a danger because it makes ridiculous what should be the heart of the religious life. Thus a lively and sympathetic description of the miracles of healing daily occurring at St. Winefride's Well in Wales is vitiated by a preposterous and foolish "interpretation" of the legends of the Saint's life. We cannot regret too deeply the appearance of such books, which we fear do real harm rather than the good intended. A. G.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Readers of THE THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY are invited to send questions to be answered in this Department, or to submit other answers to questions already printed where their point of view differs from or supplements the answers that have been given.

QUESTION 179—*If Karma governs all the suffering in the world, and by Karma I understand the law of cause and effect, what is mercy?*

ANSWER.—Is not Karma in itself the greatest mercy? But we, who do not know how Karma works, ought not to let the thought of Karma hinder us from consoling and, the little that we can, easing the burdens of another. May it not be that Karma has given us this duty just now? To love our fellows and, "always using our judgment," to do cheerfully what love directs us to do, is, I think, mercy. HY. J.

ANSWER.—When we are talking of "mercy" in connection with Divine Law, we mean, of course, something very different from what is considered as mercy among people at large. Man's selfishness and materialism are, as a rule, so great that he can only think of mercy as something that relieves or prevents physical and mental sufferings, or helps to make it easier to enjoy material life. But this is far from being the object of Divine Mercy.

Karma is the law of cause and effect, of retribution and adjustment; and the leading principles of its action are Divine Justice and Divine Mercy, these being two aspects only of one eternal and fundamental power, *Divine Love*. In this higher sense "Mercy" is the putting to rights of what has been brought in disorder by man's mistakes, wrongdoings, selfishness, materialism, etc., *so as to promote the welfare of humanity in the best way and with as few sufferings as possible.*

Looked at in this way it must be evident that there is more mercy in suffering than in prosperity. It is only to our lower nature that Karma seems merciless.

T. H. K.

ANSWER.—Is not cause and effect a most merciful dispensation? If I am so far away from the happiness of right action as to murder a fellow-man, is it not "mercy" that puts me through an educational course in the school of Karma until I learn and graduate? Indigestion seems to me a merciful cure for gluttony. Are not some present-day advanced methods harmful and sentimental instead of benevolent? Sometimes the aim of physicians seems to be to thwart the mercy of the providential Nature; they try to remove the indigestion while leaving gluttony untouched. M. D.

ANSWER.—In the first shock of the war the bourses of the world closed, to avoid universal bankruptcy—a condition out of which it would have been very difficult to extricate even legitimate business. When the Lords of Karma take

similar action, we may call it mercy, we know that if they were to demand just payment we could not meet the demand; and they offer us a chance to delay the payment but not to default it. Or perhaps the most pressing debt is actually paid for us: then we have the type of mercy that is shown by the father who pays the debts of his wayward son. This payment *costs* the father, may drain his resources, but at best it is only partial. By paying the debt he cannot give his son the prudence and self-restraint that would keep him out of debt again; he gains for him freedom in which to try again, under the same laws that he broke before. When such mercy is extended to us, I cannot believe that it falls outside the law of that Karma that presides over all suffering *and all enjoyment;* or that it is less real because we do not see and handle the spiritual coin, minted by suffering or by prayer, with which some great soul is permitted to pay our debt and so give us a fresh start. P.

ANSWER.—What is mercy? I think strictly, Justice. I am able to conceive a minister of justice (or Karma) who shows one and trains one how to restore the balance of harmony one has disturbed: who guides the application of the law, while demanding a strict account: who therefore aids and supports one in rising to meet the application of the Law which he administered and therein shows mercy. A. K.

QUESTION 180.—*How can a merciful God allow such a cruel thing as war, which causes such awful misery and cuts short the lives of so many good and innocent people?*

ANSWER.—This question was put the other day by one who has a very tender heart for all human sufferings. If someone had answered that *war* is the action of Divine Mercy, he would have thought him crazy, probably. Meanwhile, in spite of running the risk of being thought crazy, I say that is so, and I shall try to prove it.

Consider the following case, well-known to the surgeon: A man has got blood-poison in his finger, and the poison runs up in the blood-vessels and cells on one side of his arm. The surgeon is called in and has to amputate the greater part of the arm, though only a small quantity of its cells are, as yet, infected by the poison. This seems hard, but the sufferer, knowing it to be necessary in order to save his life, bears it willingly and with patience. From a broader point of view mankind is a unity, a single body; and races, nations, families are smaller bodies within the larger ones of which they are members. And each individual, or member of a family and nation, may be considered as the blood-vessels or cells of the larger bodies, the races and mankind. Now, these bodies become often so infected from the deadly poison of selfishness, self-assertion, materialism, sensuality, etc., that an amputation must be undertaken in order to save the race, the nation or family from entire destruction, the unavoidable result of the adjusting activity of Karma or the Law of Cause and Effect. But "Mercy" tries to prevent destruction as long as there is still any possibility of saving man from the awful fate of annihilation. Then Karma acts as the surgeon and operates on the sick body in order to save life and give man another opportunity to turn from those evil ways that work to destruction, because they oppose Divine Love and evolutionary Law. And—just as in the case of the arm infected with blood-poison—in this operation the lives of many individuals are cut short, though they may not yet be among those, who are infected with the virus that will bring on death of the soul, if not checked in time.

Thus, war is at once the remedy of Karma for readjustment, and the means by which "Mercy" tries to benefit man. But though war comes up in a certain

locality and may end in the humiliation or even loss of independence of a nation, let us not fall to criticize and judge as to where the poison is deepest rooted. We cannot do so, first because we ought never to judge, and next because we are lacking the power of right judgment in such matters. One thing only is sure, *viz.*, where the outer loss and sufferings are greater, there the opportunity of inner gain and blessings in the future are the better.

But what about all those good and innocent people whose lives are cut short in the war? Shall we not think that they are well provided for? He only, who doesn't believe in the immortality of the soul, and who, therefore, loves his life in this world more than heaven, can really consider it to be a great misfortune to die and to die early. Isn't it reasonable that all those killed in war, will have so much better opportunity, if they deserve it, to develop and grow in spiritual age and wisdom in another field, or—as those that believe in the doctrine of reincarnation may think—on this earth at another time and under far better circumstances than at the time of the war that brought their lives to a sudden end? Truly, it would sometimes be a greater misfortune to continue to live under seemingly happy circumstances than to have life cut short in war or by an accident. It is our materialism only that prevents us from acknowledging this truth.

But surely, some might say, there must be another and less terrible and painful remedy by which to bring about the same results!

If it were, is it likely that Divine Mercy would skip over it and take to harder and more cruel means than necessary for the purpose?

To me it seems unquestionable that the most effective and at the same time the most beneficial operation on the infected body of a race or nation is war, because it tends more than any other calamity to improve man, to create noble heroism, unselfishness and obedience, these most wanted human virtues at this present age. It tends to giving up self for the sake of the whole, to killing out the anarchic tendencies, to destroying materialism and to bringing man nearer to God in spite of the obvious sacrilege committed, when he in his ignorance asks God to help him in his hateful effort to destroy his adversary. It is true that God, for the sake of man's "hardness of heart," allows sinful things to come to pass, but this fact cannot sanctify them. To kill another man, our brother, is contrary to Divine Law, though it becomes the duty of a soldier in war. *"It must needs be that the occasions of stumbling come; but woe to that man* (or those) *through whom the occasions cometh."*

Other disasters are not so conducive to the development of these virtues. Pestilence, for instance, though it causes awful misery and strikes young and old as well as the innocent even more than war, makes man to flee most cowardly before the unseen enemy. Some few brave exceptions left out, it helps very little to bring on fearlessness and self-sacrifice, and I doubt that it has any power to destroy anarchism in man's nature. And the prayers of people at large under such circumstances are more the prayers of fear or panic than of devotion and obedient submission to the will of God.

Teach man to understand that materialism, selfishness and all claims on his own rights are as blood-poison in his life's fabric, which makes it unavoidable for the heavenly Surgeon, in order to save his life, to perform an operation either by war or some harder and even more terrible disaster. And when self-sacrifice and obedience are learnt, and man strives earnestly to do the will of his heavenly Father, then war and many other calamities will be impossible in the world, because their real causes have ceased to be; and the forces that brought on these terrors can work more directly and with greater effect to the uplifting of mankind.

T. H. K.

QUESTION 181.—*Does the recognition of the universality of law in the universe make it appear only as a mechanism? Does the law of Karma deny the existence of compassion? If law and order and the principle of cause and effect rule in a nursery, does the Mother love her children?*

ANSWER.—Law and order proceed from Love. Love is creative. Hatred destroys. Dante places God and Satan in contrast. The attributes of each are in contrast. God is Wisdom, Power and Love. Satan, Ignorance, Impotence and Hate. S. M.

ANSWER.—The Law of Karma most certainly does not deny compassion: on the contrary, it reaffirms it in saying the Highest Justice is the Highest Mercy. The Universality of Law is the Universality of Motion or action of the Great Breath. If we regard the triple aspect of the Great Breath in Manifestation as Matter, Force and Consciousness, how can we regard the universality of law in the universe as only a mechanism? Under another guise, this is only our old friend, the problem of Free Will. And so long as we regard the universe as the result of the action of the Great Breath, the unconscious, the First Cause, the unknowable—call It what name we choose—so long Free Will must inhere in us as a part of the result of that action. And in the Ministers—the conscious Ministers—of that Law I suggest that Free Will is shown as Compassion.

In the nursery, because the mother loves her children she makes law and order and cause and effect the rule. Obedience to law is the only way to govern ourselves; and the pursuit of happiness can only be followed by the continual search for higher and higher law which becomes more and more universal with the enlargement and ultimate freedom from personal restrictions and limitations. A. K.

ANSWER.—We shall endeavor to answer these questions separately.

(a) The surest proof of an answer to this question can, I think, be found in ourselves. Are *we* simply mechanisms? We obey countless laws—of growth, of decay, of gravitation, of our race and civilization, and the like. Yet we know that we are free—at least at times. If any part of the universe is free, even for an instant, can any of it in essence be mechanical;—this word being defined by Webster to describe actions done "without conscious exertion of will; proceeding from habit, not from intention or reflection?" The universality of law, then, does not imply mechanism, but rather the superb grandeur of the Will, free like ourselves, which formulates and sustains those laws.

(b) Without the element of compassion in the operation of Karma, I fear that humanity would long ago have ceased to exist. For what is true compassion? It surely is not a mere kind-hearted sentiment, which is too often weakness springing from ignorance. Which is the truer compassion, to whip a wayward son systematically for years till he learn to obey, or, by constant forgiveness, to permit him to grow up wild and intractable, and finally to wreck his own life, and the lives of his wife and children, by his undisciplined conduct? We must look back to the purpose of Karma itself, or perhaps to the divine reason why Karma exists. We do not realize, for one thing, the possibilities of suffering which abandonment to sin would bring; but the loving Father does see this, and therefore sends sickness, suffering, and sorrow to rouse our wills and to call our wayward attention to the terrible danger we all of us are in. I think the contemplation of the unflinching way that He performs this terrible duty might give courage to all parents and persons in authority. Buddha was called "the Compassionate," and Christ's life demonstrated the same quality; yet one of the Masters has written calling his Brethren all "servants of the Great Law," the law of Karma.

(c) Granting that the Mother does love her children, she could not better prove her love than by so ruling her nursery. "As above, so below." She would in her sphere be representing the Divine Order to her children, acting, as she does for the time, as their spiritual guide, their vision of heavenly things. their religion. Further, she could not so rule without love, because she would need wisdom, mercy, compassion, and forgiveness as well as patience, sternness, authority; and even anger. Love is never weak; it is of the essence of strength. Self-pleasing and cowardice are weak. A. G.

ANSWER.—No. The law of the will is, that it is free. Obviously, that law does not deprive it of freedom. And the supreme law is love. But the characteristic of love is, that it is always working miracles, always achieving the impossible. C. J.

ANSWER.—If the recognition of the universality of law in the universe makes it appear only as a mechanism, then man too is a mechanism, for he belongs to the universe and is an integral part of it. As man is an entity, so is the universe, though infinitely larger and wiser. But the questioner is, perhaps, thinking only of the material tool of the indwelling entity. Even then we can neither say that the big universe nor the little universe, or man, is a mechanism only, because a mechanism means a something that is acting unconsciously and automatically, when put into motion by an intelligent worker. Every atom is a life and has its own special kind of consciousness and activity. The human body has its special kind of life and activity besides its activity as a tool for the soul. It alters and grows, and so does everything in nature according to laws that are universal; and the body of the universe does also alter and grow in its way and according to universal law, which is evident because of the changes traced in this huge body. Therefore, the word mechanism in its ordinary sense is not applicable to the universe, even when we talk of its material part only.

Karma as a law acts blindly upon every cause whether created by Gods, Angels, Saints, men or devils. But all these causes are as many forces, and forces cannot disappear, but they can be transformed or made latent for a while. *Compassion* is perhaps the most powerful force set in motion by any compassionate entity, man included. Certainly the law of Karma cannot deny the existence of the most effective component of all the forces upon which it acts.

The first and most important principle to establish in man of the present age is *obedience,* because: "if obedience were not required, what should we have, but lawlessness, anarchy, selfishness, disbelief, despair and Death?" And the very best time for laying the foundation of this indispensable principle is the early childhood. Therefore, a mother that loves her children, cannot fail to have law and order and the principle of cause and effect to rule in her nursery.
T. H. K.

ANSWER.—I have no doubt my small boys regard the Universe as mechanical —I am sure I did at their age. Yet I hope as a parent that I am governed by compassion in my endeavor to guide their little lives. Why should we deny at least equal feeling to Those Whom so many of us believe do guide our affairs. The latter part of the question, regarding the nursery situation and the Mother, suggests forgetfulness of the principle of Freedom of Choice; of the operation of Free Will. Karma gives both children and Mother the choice—indeed, the chance—to love. If the Mother did not exercise her right to choose by loving her children, I fear she would have to work off a new Karmic debt; whereas if to duty she added love, I believe she would have paid off an old debt. But she must do her duty as a manifestation of the love which animates her.
SERVETUS.

THE QUARTERLY BOOK DEPARTMENT

There is constant demand for the books reviewed in the QUARTERLY, and readers are also frequently anxious to secure books that are mentioned in QUARTERLY articles. This Department offers its services, free of charge, for the tracing and purchase of all such books. They will be sent, postpaid, at the published price.

The Quarterly Book Department also publishes, from time to time, books that cannot be found elsewhere. In fact its imprint on a book will indicate that the book has lasting value for those who are, to any degree, students of "Divine Wisdom."

Second Edition *From New Plates*

BHAGAVAD GITA

TRANSLATED, WITH A GENERAL INTRODUCTION AND A COMMENTARY ON EACH BOOK, BY

CHARLES JOHNSTON

"Faithful" and "accurate" are words used by Sanskrit scholars as descriptive of this original translation. "Live" and "illuminating" are the words used by students seeking light on life's problems. Here they find "The Songs of the Master" rendered in a form that speaks to their hearts.

Linked with this remarkable translation of the *Gita* are commentaries by the translator which throw a broad beam of light on the text itself. They put before the student the characteristics of the Indian life and thought which form the setting of the teaching. Equally valuable are the practical applications; the problems brought forward by Arjuna, in the text, are set alongside those of the soul today; the solutions offered him are given present-day application.

The size of the new edition invites constant reading; it slips easily into pocket or handbag; it is in clear type, easy to read. There are two styles: in limp leather, printed on imported India paper, at $1.50; in cloth, printed on antique paper, at $1.00.

Sent by mail, postpaid.

THE QUARTERLY BOOK DEPARTMENT

159 Warren Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

ABRIDGMENT OF THE SECRET DOCTRINE, (Hillard)	$2.16
A PRIMER OF THEOSOPHY, by Katherine Hillard	.10
BHAGAVAD GITA, translated by Charles Johnston, with Commentary, cloth, $1.00; limp leather	1.50
BHAGAVAD GITA, Edited by W. Q. Judge, leather	.75
CABINET SIZE PHOTO, H. P. BLAVATSKY or W. Q. JUDGE	.50
CULTURE OF CONCENTRATION, by W. Q. Judge, paper	.10
DREAM OF RAVAN, cloth	1.00
ESOTERIC BUDDHISM, by A. P. Sinnett, cloth	1.25
FIVE YEARS OF THEOSOPHY	3.25
FRAGMENTS, by Cavé	.60
FROM THE UPANISHADS, Charles Johnston, paper, 75c.; limp leather	1.00
IDYLL OF THE WHITE LOTUS, cloth	1.00
KARMA, by A. P. Sinnett, a novel, cloth	.75
KEY TO THEOSOPHY, by H. P. Blavatsky	2.00
LETTERS THAT HAVE HELPED ME, by W. Q. Judge	
Vol. I, compiled by Jasper Niemand, cloth	.50
Vol. II, compiled by Thomas Green and Jasper Niemand, cloth	.60
LIGHT OF ASIA, by Sir Edwin Arnold, cloth, 75c.; leather	1.00
LIGHT ON THE PATH, cloth, 50c.; leather	.75
MAGIC, WHITE AND BLACK, by Franz Hartmann, M.D., cloth	2.00
MEDITATION, by Henry Bedinger Mitchell	.20
NIGHT-MARE TALES, by H. P. Blavatsky, cloth	.50
OCEAN OF THEOSOPHY, by W. Q. Judge, paper, 50c.; cloth	.75
OCCULT WORLD, by A. P. Sinnett, cloth	1.25
PATANJALI'S YOGA SUTRAS, translated by Charles Johnston	1.25
REINCARNATION, by E. D. Walker, cloth	1.50
REINCARNATION IN THE NEW TESTAMENT, by Jas. M. Pryse, paper, 35c.; cloth	.60
SECRET DOCTRINE, by H. P. Blavatsky, Vols. I and II, and Index, cloth.	12.50
SERMON ON THE MOUNT, translated by Jas. M. Pryse, paper, 35c.; cloth	.60
SOME MODERN FAILINGS, Che-Yew-Tsang	.10
TALKS ON RELIGION, by H. B. Mitchell	1.50
THEOSOPHY AS AN INFLUENCE IN LIFE, by Archibald Keightley	.10
THEOSOPHICAL BADGES, gold, 2.50; rolled gold	1.00
THE CREED OF BUDDHA	1.50
THE CREED OF CHRIST	1.25
THE PARABLES OF THE KINGDOM, by Charles Johnston	.20
THE SPIRITUAL LIFE, by Archibald Keightley	.10
THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY AND THEOSOPHY, by H. B. Mitchell	.20
THE THEOSOPHY OF THE UPANISHADS, by Charles Johnston	1.25
THROUGH THE GATES OF GOLD, cloth	.50
UNITY OF RELIGIONS, by J. W. Keightley	.10
VOICE OF THE SILENCE, by H. P. Blavatsky, cloth, 50c.; leather	.75
VOW OF POVERTY AND OTHER ESSAYS, by Jasper Niemand, paper.	.15

These and any other books on Theosophical, Religious and Philosophical subjects, can be obtained from

THE QUARTERLY BOOK DEPARTMENT,

159 Warren Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Theosophical Society

Founded by H. P. Blavatsky at New York in 1875

THE Society does not pretend to be able to establish at once a universal brotherhood among men, but only strives to create the nucleus of such a body. Many of its members believe that an acquaintance with the world's religions and philosophies will reveal, as the common and fundamental principle underlying these, that "spiritual identity of all Souls with the Oversoul" which is the basis of true brotherhood; and many of them also believe that an appreciation of the finer forces of nature and man will still further emphasize the same idea.

The organization is wholly unsectarian, with no creed, dogma, nor personal authority to enforce or impose; neither is it to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who are expected to accord to the beliefs of others that tolerance which they desire for their own.

The following proclamation was adopted at the Convention of the Society, held at Boston, April, 1895:

"The Theosophical Society in America by its delegates and members in Convention assembled, does hereby proclaim fraternal good will and kindly feeling toward all students of Theosophy and members of Theosophical Societies wherever and however situated. It further proclaims and avers its hearty sympathy and association with such persons and organizations in all theosophical matters except those of government and administration, and invites their correspondence and co-operation.

"To all men and women of whatever caste, creed, race, or religious belief, who aim at the fostering of peace, gentleness, and unselfish regard one for another, and the acquisition of such knowledge of men and nature as shall tend to the elevation and advancement of the human race, it sends most friendly greeting and freely proffers its services.

"It joins hands with all religions and religious bodies whose efforts are directed to the purification of men's thoughts and the bettering of their ways, and it avows its harmony therewith. To all scientific societies and individual searchers after wisdom upon whatever plane, and by whatever righteous means pursued, it is and will be grateful for such discovery and unfoldment of Truth as shall serve to announce and confirm a *scientific basis for ethics*.

"And lastly, it invites to its membership those who, seeking a higher life hereafter, would learn to know the *path* to tread in this."

Applications for membership should be addressed to the Secretary T. S., 159 Warren Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

BROOKLYN EAGLE PRESS